

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRATLING, MICHIGAN.

THE man who can change his mind is no fool.

AGAIN the death of Lobengula is confirmed. But Mrs. Lobengula are alive.

See what a rent the envious Chaska made—in the happiness of a confiding white woman.

The tomale man has reached New York at last. Gotham will find his goods pretty hot stuff.

Some of McKane's old pals are now turning reformers. This fills his cup of humiliation to the brim.

It is said that Lillian Russell is already trying to make over her wedding gown into a divorce suit.

People who think funny things without expressing them are unconscious enemies of the human race.

MISFORTUNE is a faithful teacher, but it will never win a piano or a trip abroad in a popular voting contest.

A SCIENTIFIC exchange asks: "Will the coming man use both arms?" That depends largely on the coming woman.

BOSTON Post: If the chameleon craze spreads much more rapidly there will be no flies this year on Boston.

DIRT hasn't been broken on a new railroad in Georgia for a long time. But a good many railroad companies have been broken.

Mrs. STANFORD denies the Harrison marriage rumor. She does not care to be known as one of the "might have been" widows.

"MAN" is a fool. He walks out on the lawn and orders the billy goat off his premises, follows a mule, and argues with his mother-in-law.

CHIVALRY has indeed departed from the "Southland" when two Kentucky fighting editors submit their grievances to an arbitration committee, and a third, lying in wait, pistol in hand, is sent to jail for disorderly conduct.

An American Chinaman who refuses to attend Sunday school unless his teacher is a young white girl does not attend the school from purely religious motives. That he should do so from social motives does not speak very well for the Mongolian Sunday school as an American institution.

THE next new thing in the line of fire department apparatus will be the wrecking wagon. Boston has one—a portable machine shop which carries tools sufficient to meet all ordinary emergencies. The American fireman is called upon to fight fires that have everything in their favor, and he knows the value of thorough preparation for his difficult task.

THE fact that the French soldiers who were slaughtered near Tintin were asleep when the natives attacked them will save the people of Paris from spending money on a monument. The French are quick to recognize gallantry in battle, and are not slow to honor the memory of their dead heroes, but they are not prone to forgive carelessness when it results in a defeat.

"MONEY is for two purposes only," said Peter W. Talbot, who committed suicide in Detroit; "first, to furnish the necessities of life for one's self; next, to relieve the suffering and distress of one's fellow-men." It is a pity that the man who, in his prosperity, not only preached but practiced these noble principles should have lost courage when he found himself confronted with poverty. Certainly the philosophy from which he drew these conclusions should have supported him through a season of temporary reverse and disappointment.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION: We can imagine nothing more depressing to the average criminal than a private midnight execution conducted in dead silence, with no excited crowd of spectators to encourage him to pose as a martyr or a hero. The new Indiana fashion is infinitely better than the old way. Public executions are brutalizing and they increase crime. Private midnight executions terrorize not only the prisoner, but they cause the criminal masses to view with alarm the prospect of a doom so swift, silent and grim—a leap from the darkness of this world into the blacker gulf of the unknown.

PEORIA in this part of the country are accustomed to regard California as a rather untamed community. We think of her as our frontier, and do not expect her to give us lessons in the administration of justice. Therefore we are not a little surprised by California's wonderfully prompt and praiseworthy treatment of Chris Evans, the train robber and bandit. Evans was captured Monday, Tuesday he was brought into court, convicted, sentenced to State's prison for life, his motion for a new trial was denied, and Wednesday night he was behind the penitentiary bars. California has given us an example of the manner in which society ought to proceed with its enemies when

they are in its power. The young civilization rebukes the old, and proves that it is, if not the better, at least the more desirable.

CHICAGO HERALD: From Kansas comes a new noun—jointist. The sense in which it is used indicates that it means one who sells intoxicating liquors contrary to law. Presumably there is also a verb, to joint, with active and passive voices. Thus, in Kansas, the expression, He has a jag, would be put more euphemistically as He joints, or, preferably, He is jointed. So, too, the condition of the Kansas militia General who broke up a review at Leavenworth last fall would be described as "the jointment of Brigadier General Smith," and upon his return to sobriety he would be said to be disjointed. The new word is a valuable and interesting addition to contemporary philology.

ANOTHER man who was locked up by the Chicago police as a drunkard has been found dead in his cell, the post-mortem discovery being made that he was not drunk, but suffering from a fracture of the skull. It is too much to expect that policemen should diagnose every case brought into the station with the skill of educated physicians, but it is not unreasonable to ask that in doubtful cases they should send for a doctor. John Markey, the latest victim of police obtuseness, was struck by a cable car, and the officer who took him to the station knew it, yet he was assumed to be drunk and put into a cell to sleep it off. That is the usual proceeding, and it is a very stupid and senseless proceeding. The police act on the theory that every person unable to take care of himself is drunk. That is why so many men, like Markey, die in police stations when the exercise of ordinary sense and humanity would save their lives.

CHIEF JUSTICE JENKINS of England has ruled that a minister of the gospel has no right to plead as a privileged communication in court the substance of a confidential communication made to him as a minister by one of his parishioners. The court, he says, is not the individual, must judge when the ends of justice require such secrets to be made public. The position is eminently sound. Conditions have changed since the times when men had the right of sanctuary in the temples, and when the interposition of the priest often was all that shielded an unfortunate from assault by lawless men. In all civilized communities the law of the land is now supreme, and those chosen to administer it are constituted the sole judges of what shall be used as evidence. To allow a minister of the gospel to judge for himself in such matters is to acknowledge that by virtue of his office he has co-ordinate authority and power with the courts as by law established, conceding to him privileges which are not recognized by the law, and may prove fatal to its due administration.

THE downfall of Erasmus Wiman— which on an ex-parte statement seems surely to impend—is to be regretted sorely from whatever standpoint viewed. This brilliant Canadian seemed but a few months ago to have realized the ideal American career. He began life at the printer's case and raised himself by sheer merit of his own brilliancy and address until he was one of the most attractive, if not commanding, figures on the continent. He was until lately accounted also one of the wealthiest men and his hand was felt in some of the largest enterprises. Unlike most of our men of business, he found time for enterprises of larger import. In his way he was the most conspicuous advocate of commercial union between the United States and Canada, and whatever may be thought of his views on that subject there is no doubt that he contributed greatly to the public understanding of a question whose importance grows year by year. All of his enterprises and all his views were on the same broad scale. At one time he seriously proposed to quarter the superfluous population of New York on beautiful Staten Island, of which he then seemed to own a controlling interest. It would appear that his faults have been on the same astounding scale. He stands charged with robbing his business partner of nearly \$250,000, the money, presumably, having been used to bolster up his multifarious schemes. Should the charge be established we shall have to mourn the ruin of a great career and the disgrace of a man to whom many had given their undivided respect. Such a downfall is a calamity to two nations.

Aerial Trolley Railroad Scheme. An electric aerial railroad, to carry mail and perishable freight at the rate of over 250 miles an hour, is projected to be constructed between Detroit and Cleveland, a distance of 170 miles. Albert L. Widiss is the inventor of the scheme for the road, and he believes he has amply demonstrated its practicability. An experimental line was in operation at the Chicago Fair and made surprising speed. A car, fifteen feet long and four feet square is suspended by four wheels on an elevated rail, and operated by motors deriving power from a trolley wire. The ends of the car are cone-shaped to reduce the atmospheric resistance. Mr. Widiss does not propose to carry passengers on his railroad, but says that with its perishable freight, mails, and such matter could be carried across the continent in a day. The plan seems feasible when the prodigious speed attained by dynamo is considered. New York Sun.

TAKING it year in and year out the coldest hour of each twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning.



A JACKET IN MANY FORMS.

CAPE AND CLOAKS.

NEXT SEASON WILL BRING MANY NEW STYLES.

In Buying Now a Fur Cape or Cloak There's Risk, Fit Being Out of Date Next Winter—With Cloth Wraps It Will Be Different.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

BEFORE there will again be need of very heavy outside garments, there will be plenty of time for styles to change. Yet, if a good chance comes to buy fur for next season, it should be taken advantage of, for any don't know what the fashion will be. Get a buttoned Eton. Let it sit without ornamentation of any kind, but buttoned from throat to waist, with a very high collar to turn about the ears, and with sleeves very large at the shoulder and tapering to the wrist, where they turn widely back. This sort of thing will be in fashion for many seasons to come, either in seal, sable or ermine. In buying now a fur cape or cloak there would be too much risk of its getting out of style before next winter. But a cloth wrap is different; indeed, the spring styles for coats invite purchasing for use at once by their novelty of design and adaptability to immediate needs. The initial picture portrays a coat of odd cut, made from myrtle green cloth and trimmed with Persian lamb and fine black silk cord. It has a separate draped pelerine, forming points in front, which is circular and sewed to a round yoke. This yoke is ornamented with parallel rows of black braid and finished with a row of fur which also borders the cape. The right side is fastened to the left shoulder and slightly lifted. The coat itself is fitted and first buttons in front and then the right side laps over, with the bottom slightly raised.

This coat is of very light weight cloth, and will not prove much of a defense against really cold weather, but, light as it is, it is much more of a protection than the jaunty little cape of the next illustration. This is of equally thin cloth, and is made of gray cloth with a square yoke and standing collar of brown fur. It is shorter in back than in front, and is lined with white silk tulle and bordered with feather galloon. The epaulettes are faced with brown velvet and extend across the back, forming a slash for the yoke. Their ends are of odd length, and the garment is aggressively new. With a bit of crumple, stain or fray, the beauty of the whole will vanish. Herein is a chance for the seersucker, who are wont to decry what they consider, on the part of the designers of women's apparel, encouragement to feminine extravagance. But let such a critic consider for a moment the vast variety of cape shapes which prevailed last winter, and bear in mind that new ones were positively demanded for this spring, and excuse will appear for such creations as that just described. After all, women need not buy such things if they don't want them, and if they don't purchase, the designers will very soon learn the obvious lesson.

There may be still greater risk of offending those who persistently advise— for others—the strictly sensible in clothing by presenting the theater collarette of the third picture. Though more an accessory than a garment, it is cost greater than either the coat or cape described. But let the storm of disapproval howl and rage as it will, the possessor of such a collarette can reasonably be as calm as the reflected face appears in this picture. She will know that she has a new and handsome addition to her toilet and one which will be much admired. This one is composed of heliotrope velvet and consists of a yoke richly embroidered with silver and a double velvet ruffle which is laid in pleats on the shoulders and reaches to the waist in front. In the back the ruffle is arranged in revers and also reaches the waist, with a plain velvet piece in the center that is sewed to the yoke and fastened to the revers with invisible stitching. The high Stuart collar is also embroidered with silver on the outside and faced with shaded white, pink and heliotrope feathers on the inside. The fasteners continue down either side of the yoke, which close with large hooks and eyes.

There is every promise of the daintiest gowns in the world the coming seasons. While there will be a tendency toward severity on the street, dresses for other occasions will be as sweetly frivolous and fluffy as any one could wish. Soft figured silks will be combined with lace and ribbon; skirts will be prettily flaring and there will be just the right balancing fullness about the shoulders to make the whole graceful. As for organdies, dimities, lawns and muslins, you may have all the frills, puffs and details you want, as the only rule seems to be that you must look as fresh as a bunch of posies just out of the garden. Bertha effects

will be much made use of, yokes will be cut round about the throat, and white pointed yokes let in and outlined with cascades of dainty lace will be characteristic of many of the prettiest gowns. The prettiest fashion of gumpies is to be revived, the gumpie covering a sort of underwaist, over which the bodice seems to be draped, the gumpie showing from a point at the waist to over the round of the shoulder. For slender figures exquisite little bodices are designed in muslin, that are drawn in to fit the figure by row after row of ribbon, inserted under lace and drawn tight to tie in a series of pretty bows in front, or, more girlish still, at the back.

It looks as if the girls are having all their jewels unstuck to put into buttons, the craze for costly buttons having all of a sudden been revived in a really virulent form. Almost every girl has been coaching up a fan in some particular stone, and has a collection of her favorite stones. Henry also has enough of them to give her a matched set of buttons. Turquoises are lovely, and a set of six matched and as big as peas set as buttons in dead gold rims, may be put on any cloth gown and make the wearer the envy of all her friends. Opals are mounted in silver and worn on velvet or brocade. Sapphires are just right on velvet, and amethysts go on silk. If you cannot match your stones in size, it is just as well to take the set a graduated one, a big stone for the top button and the others smaller. A set of six gives a double-breasted coat four for the front and one on each cuff. Such a coat is



ALMOST A CAPE.

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of course, cut very low. A set of twelve allows six in front, two for the "sword buttons" and two on each sleeve. Smaller jewels are used for glove buttons, and you may after all feel fairly happy if you can raise three small ones for the stock collar.

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NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

What It Cost the State at the World's Fair—Farmers' Attempt to Dynamite a Dam—Fatal Runaway Accident—Attempted Jail Delivery.

Michigan's World's Fair Statement.

The Secretary of the Board of World's Fair Managers for the State of Michigan has issued a report showing the expenditures from Aug. 5, 1891, to March 1, 1894, as follows:

Construction and furnishing of building	\$45,000
Maintenance of building	12,284
Board and general expenses	19,607
Secretary's salary and expenses	5,000
Expenses of selling building, etc.	1,000
Ceremonies Dedication and Michigan Day	9,000
Agricultural exhibits	19,147
Miscellaneous exhibits	12,141
General State exhibits	12,141
Educational exhibits	4,999
Foreign exhibits	4,000
Woman's work exhibits	1,415
Total	\$133,900

In addition to above amounts paid from the State appropriations, much valuable material and furniture were donated and loaned for the State building, as follows: Construction, \$11,320.70; furniture loaned, \$36,050; exhibits in State building, \$16,250; total, \$63,621.70.

Domestic Wars at Holton.

The little town of Holton, near Muskegon, is in the throes of a wholesale murder of a kind. It is on account of the liquor question. A local saloon-keeper has been sued for selling on Sundays and holidays, and the W. C. T. U. ladies have been pushing the charge against him. The trouble is that their bibulous husbands have espoused the cause of the saloon-keeper, and at the same time the wives with desertion. If they persist in pushing the case, one female witness was held up by her husband and relieved of a necessary cash as she was about to take the train. Another followed on the car by her husband, both were just the same. And the beer-seller has been bound over to the court.

Best Lake's Eccentricity.

An old man at Best Lake, has had a great time. First his wife and daughters left him because they couldn't stand his company. But the old man longed for female society and answered all the advertisements he could. Many applicants came, but none stayed long. The last victim was an English widow from Detroit, who complains that she didn't get enough to eat and that her employer has a pleasant habit of shrieking in an unearthly manner and carrying on conversations with alleged spirits at night, much to her distress.

Sad Fate of a Wolverine Man.

Three weeks ago Dr. Robert McKillop, of Wolverine, developed indications of a deranged mind, and on the 10th of February, mysteriously disappeared. No trace of him was discovered until Wednesday, when his body was found in a piece of woods, frozen solid. His throat was cut from ear to ear, there was a stab wound in his breast, the arteries in his legs were cut above the knees and at the heels, and it was evident that he had committed suicide. He had no family.

Farmers Under Arrest.

Eighteen prominent citizens of Notaw Township, Isabella County, were arrested by Sheriff Kane on criminal warrants charging them with the attempted destruction of the expensive dam across Coldwater River by the Mount Pleasant Lumber Company for the purpose of flooding logs. Over fifty residents gathered with axes, dynamite, saws, and picks, and had partially destroyed the dam when the Sheriff with a posse arrived on the scene in time to stop the destruction.

Flint Prisoners Tried to Get Out.

Sheriff Garner has for some days past been suspicious that some of the prisoners in the Flint jail were quietly working a scheme for liberty. In a search made from knife blades and a knife blade, a cudgel and a padlock intended for a slingshot were found concealed. An attempt had been made to saw off the head of a bolt which fastens the door, and a hole in the side of the jail made by prisoners some years ago.

Grand Haven's Claims.

Grand Haven claims the best harbor on the east shore of Lake Michigan. It is the largest harbor on the lake, the healthiest climate in the United States, manufacturing facilities unequalled, the only glass factory in Michigan, the second greatest celery region in the Union, a superb summer resort and plenty of room for manufacturing places and manufacturing institutions.

Wound in a Cot.

O. McClure, a farmer near Berlin, aged about 70, was driving a horse in a road cart and leading two colts. The colts became frightened and ran around him, wound him up in the ropes and pulled him off the cart. Then they dragged him on the ground, tearing his scalp off and exposing the brains. He died.

Record of the Week.

CLINTON COUNTY has nearly 6,000 acres of apple and peach orchards.

An unknown Finnish woman was found frozen to death by hunters near Oskar.

CHARLES GILBERT, a St. Paul brakeman, had both legs cut off by cars near Iron Mountain. He cannot live.

SHEEP are dying off rapidly in Wexford and adjoining counties. A parasite in the head does the business.

AT Battle Creek Mrs. Charles Richfield was killed by a Michigan Central train, and Mrs. McCune was fatally injured.

If the citizens of Saint Sts. Marie will raise a bonus of \$1,200 they will have the flouring mill they have wanted for some time. For this amount Messrs. Howlett & Armstrong will put up a mill with a daily capacity of 100 barrels, and will have it completed by Dec. 1.

THE ladies of Marshall are appealed to in behalf of the tramps, who are lodged in the new quarters provided by the city. A stove, an incandescent electric light and a few benches constitute the furniture of the rendezvous. A few blankets will be added to the equipment.

NEAR Mt. Morris, John Garvon, engaged in lumbering, was struck upon the head by a falling limb and his skull broken, his injuries being fatal. His home is at Bay City, where he has wife and six children.

THERE have been sixteen cases of diptheria in Tawas and East Tawas, but not a single fatal one, although some have been of a very malignant type. There are in fact four cases, and all are convalescing.

Mrs. B. C. HUBBARD, of Marysville, St. Clair County, tried to commit suicide by taking laudanum and chloroform, but she was discovered in the act and a doctor brought her out of danger after working over her some time.

A COMPANY at Casoville will start prospecting for coal.

THE Birmingham schools were closed two weeks on account of scarlet fever.

VENICE SAVERY, of Cedar Creek, Muskegon County, fed three fingers into a hay cutter.

FIVE Grand Rapids ice companies have formed a combine and will raise the price of ice.

R. H. DAWSON, mill proprietor, committed suicide by hanging at Pontiac. Financial embarrassment was the cause.

A SAW-MILL at Iwa, Kalkaska County, operated by J. M. Calkins, was burned. The loss is \$2,000, with no insurance.

A HORSE kicked Joseph Kellogg, of Brookfield, Eaton County, in the head, fracturing his skull. Kellogg will recover, however.

A BOY named Pugh fell under the cars while getting on a train at Chester, Eaton County, and had one of his hands badly crushed.

NOW THAT Howell people have secured the mackintosh factory they were afraid they were trying to get a tannery to locate there.

PLANS are being made at Jackson for a Congregational Church at Chasles, to be erected upon the site of the one recently destroyed by fire.

FOUR successful burglaries have taken place recently at South Haven, and the local officials are inclined to believe that some expert from abroad has located there.

FIFTEEN prisoners in Flint jail sang hymns as loud as old-time Methodists. The noise was so great that their confederates almost succeeded in sawing off the bars and escaping.

THREE boys of Combs caught a man named Bush and sheared off one-half of his mustache for fun. The young men are now under arrest and will answer to court for assault.

THE Bay City Iron Rollers have \$3,000 which they refuse to turn over to the receiver of the order. They feel if they send the money away they will never see it again.

It has been decided to extend the Detroit, Bay City and Alpena Railroad to Chasles, this spring, and work will be commenced on the road as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

AT Luther, two young men named Levi Parker and Frank Denton, quarreled and a fight ensued in which Parker's jack-knife slashed Parker's head and neck so seriously that he may die. Denton was arrested.

ANNE MARVIN, aged eight years, of Escora, was run over by an electric car while playing on the track. Her left arm was run over and a gash out in her forehead. The arm had to be amputated. It is thought that the child will recover.

THE Dickinson County Relief Committee has closed up its business and turned over the small amount of money and provisions on hand to the poor commissioners of the county. The period of distress is practically over, and the number of applicants for relief is small.

It is claimed that Attorney General Ellis, in his answer to the suit brought by Gov. Rich in the salary-amendment matter, shows by affidavit from the Clerk of Gratiot County in 1891 that the vote upon the salaries amendment was not canvassed by the County Commission at all, but that his return which was rejected by the State Board as irregular, were made up by himself and forwarded to the office of the Secretary of State. The importance of this is that should this fact be established it will show that Gratiot really had no vote canvassed, and while it returned a heavy majority against the amendment it cannot be counted, and with this county out to stay the amendment would pull through, even if the 1,000 votes fraudulently added to the Gratiot return be deducted from the total.

Whether or not the amendment is shown to have carried makes a difference to the Attorney General of \$4,700, which, if failing, he would be required to return. On the face of it, it appears to have carried. The present clerk also makes affidavit that a careful search of the record fails to disclose that there was any canvass made in that county.

THE forthcoming report of the Michigan Labor Commissioner will contain an interesting chapter on iron mines and miners. At present \$180,000,000 is invested in the mines, and in the equipment of docks, railways and boat lines necessary to the conduct of the business. When this is added to the fact that of the entire cost of the finished forms of iron and steel nearly 85 per cent. represents labor, the importance of the industry can be realized. Up to and including the year 1893 the three Michigan fields shipped 73,936,327 gross tons. Contributing to this the Marquette range has a credit for 40,971,000 tons; the Menominee, 1,032,311 tons; the Gogebic, 1,139,136 tons; and including the entire Lake Superior region, which embraces the mines of Minnesota, the grand total tonnage is 80,300,352. A table is given showing an almost steady gain in production during the last ten years as follows:

1884	2,411,118	1890	6,092,400
1885	2,235,349	1891	7,075,537
1886	1,128,517	1892	6,083,614
1887	1,078,078	1893	6,078,078
1888	1,281,925	1894	4,500,000

The great falling off in shipments from Michigan mines for the year 1893 as compared to 1892 and previous years is noticeable. In 1892 Michigan shipped 48.2 per cent. of the ore mined in the United States. The commissioner shows that Nov. 1, 1893, but 3,673 men were employed in the Marquette, Menominee and Gogebic ranges, as against 17,272 in the corresponding date in 1892, and he says in certain causes which led to a suspension of operations was an inability to secure money to carry on the business and a lack of a market at living prices. The latter being due, no doubt, to the great overproduction of iron in the United States.

ROBERT FITZGERALD, a lumberman, drank some Pombins whisky, and then was foolish enough to think he could walk to camp on a logging railway. He laid down on the track, went to sleep, and when a logging train struck him the next morning he was frozen solid.

A WOMAN at Furdville discovered that her dwelling was on fire around the chimney, and the flames had got through into the attic. She gave an alarm, and the fire was extinguished near by turned out, carried in water, and snow, and after a hard fight saved the house.

THE town of Holly is in a pickle. In order to pay Dr. Hunter \$10,000 damages and defray the costs, the people decided to bond the town for \$16,000. Now it is discovered that the amount is considerably above 2 per cent. of the valuation of the village, the limit fixed by the charter.

THE Dexter Bank robbery has been solved. Orla C. Gregory, the Assistant Cashier, confessed that the story of two masked men having surprised him while he was alone in the bank, and of their having at the point of two revolvers compelled him to give up \$3,162.65, was false. He admits that he committed the robbery himself. All of the money has been recovered.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Wine's Mocker.

The lesson for Sunday, March 18, may be found in Prov. 20:1-7.

INTRODUCTORY.

Thank God for a temperance lesson once in a while. The truth is in God's word, and so it gets itself into the international series very frequently. We are so apt to neglect this subject. Every while there is a cessation of hostilities as regards the evils of intemperance. But the other side are not neglectful. Satan and his legions go right on doing what they can to debauch the young men, and ruin the domestic influence, and destroy morality and integrity out of the land. Even where vigilance is exercised behind the insidious advance of the evil one. Just now there has been handed to us a little story from one of the strongest high-license cities in the Union, the record of twenty-four new petitions for bars in a ward where thirty-nine already exist. This in a well-wealthy municipality. Prohibition does not prohibit. Well, high license.

POINTS IN THE LESSON.

"Wine is a mocker." There stands the legend. The illustrations are out upon the street, and have been since the word was writ. As Peloubet quotes, say enough.

"The drunkard never be dead."

"I will tell you the reason why."

A new one comes to take his place.

As fast as the old ones die.

To mock means, first of all, to stammer, as a foreigner trying to speak our tongue. Have you not heard it? The man who drinks has sunk himself to the brute and babbles out of a half-brutality rather than a whole humanity.

But shall we take it in its derivative sense, to scorn to deride? There is nothing abroad that brings such scorn upon civilization as the white man's "fire-water." Moreover there is nothing in our midst that produces scorn and derision for holy things like the devil's drink.

This is the same word to be found in the warning of the first Psalm, "Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

"Raging" is a strong word. "Strong drink" is raging, literally, making a noise, as if a storm were coming, and smashing the furniture, a little later, breaking heads—all the time breaking hearts. Have you ever lived next door to a drunkard's home? Or to a saloon? Or the politer bar of a clubhouse? Raging over.

"The fool of a king is as the roaring of a lion." The king has power to destroy. It is wise to fear him and keep out of his way, as you do out of the way of a roaring lion. "Who so provoketh him to anger sinneth against his own soul."

It is in his nature to rush into the hungry lion's lair. So do men trifle with strong drink. And is it not strong? It is "king" over some men—"King Alcohol"—and O how truculent, how merciless, this king!

The things that are the things that go with inebriety, the concomitants of drink, strife, sluggishness, penury, mendacity, illiteracy, imbecility, faithlessness. These are the legitimate progeny of drunkenness. But of the just man, who is in his integrity, another sort of progeny, his children are blessed after him, or, bringing out perhaps more clearly the sense of the original, as does the Donay: "Shall leave behind him blessed children."

THESE AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Here is an opportunity for some good, practical talk, particularly to the young men of to-day. Speak out plainly, as plainly as does the Bible on the curse of drink and on the utter folly of giving to worldlyness and frivolity.

He who is severest with sin is kindest to the soul. When Judge Seward sent his son William to college he gave him \$1,000 with him to get an education. Young Seward came home at the end of the freshman year with the money gone, and bad habits learned. "You've got all that I can give you," said his father. "You must work your own way through." Severe, was he not? But kind, too, kind to the son, and to the nation which the thoroughly weakened young man afterward helped to preserve.

What is it to be a "man of understanding?" Said Mr. Malloch in an article some years since in the Forum on "The Object of Life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this page should be sent to the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and not to the publisher, as the publisher is not responsible for the contents of the paper. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and addresses, as the letters and names will be published.

CUPID is the silent partner of the fashionable dressmaker.

The fine art of tax dodging should be allowed to become one of the lost arts.

When the devil tries all other schemes in vain he calls man's attention to his mother-in-law.

If every bomb would kill its own thrower, explosive anarchists would become as rare as roast dodos.

That groundhog was absolutely correct in the inferences he drew when he saw his shadow on a recent occasion.

A Maine lyceum will debate the question, "Resolved, That man is more intelligent than woman." Look out for homicides in that town.

The husbands of the New York ladies who have to pay \$6 for every bathing and clipping of a poodle will find the income tax a sore burden.

NEW YORK WORLD: There is a prevalent suspicion that the anarchist who sent the hog-Latin manifesto to Chauncey Depew is a native Chicagoan.

VAILLANT is dead. French justice gave him no two months' reprieve to seek for a new trial, and the guillotine broke no ropes and perpetrated no barbarities.

These authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes for himself.

PROFESSOR EDWARD ORTON, the geologist, in a speech before the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers, stated that were the demand for coal 25,000,000 tons a year it would take 1,000 years to exhaust Ohio's known coal field. This is 14,000,000 tons in excess of last year's output and there are coal lands in the State as yet not prospected.

NEW YORK is fast retrograding to the level of Poverty Flat, Jackass Gulch and other Western municipalities. Bandits now "hold up" the Fifth avenue stages and rob the passengers at the muzzle of the revolver. We shall shortly hear of cattle-branding matches in Madison Square and that Dr. Parkhurst and Elbridge T. Gerry have taken to shooting out the lights in the "tenderloin" resorts.

The vote of the Massachusetts "General Court" to abolish Fast day is an evidence of progress; but it may be a dangerous precedent. Fast day has been "played out" for many years, even in the old Bay State, where it was wont chiefly to flourish; but it belongs to precisely the same class of holidays as Thanksgiving and its abolition may endanger the latter. In that case it would be an unmitigated evil. The average New-Englanders at home or abroad would not know what to do without Thanksgiving day.

We have already learned from Mr. Bull's frequent remarks since Admiral Benham fired those few shots at Rio that our worthy cousin feels much upset. He is afraid that our interference to protect our own commerce may cause him a certain loss of prestige in South America; and so he has ordered a large fleet around to Brazilian waters, and has indulged in certain dark hints about the possibility of his supporting a monarchy in Brazil. On reflection, of course, he will decide not to come into collision with the "Monroe Doctrine."

It is high time that the colleges of this country call a halt on the brutal practices of some of their students, and that the civil authorities visit swift punishment upon those who violate the laws. The crime of wanton murder has been committed by hazers at Cornell, and those responsible for it should be brought to justice without delay and without any regard to the influences of wealth or social standing that may obtrude themselves into the case. These things cannot be permitted to disgrace our highest institutions. The sooner the old-fashioned idea that young men go to college to acquire education is revived, the better it will be for the country and its good name.

AN Orange, N. J., saloon-keeper, Murdo by name, has introduced a new system of punishing customers who fail to pay for their drinks. He produces swords and invite the delinquents to a duel. As he is an expert swordsman, he usually succeeds in getting his pound of flesh from some portion of the impetuous patron's anatomy. Murdo's system is novel and has some commendable features, but it may be doubted whether the Chicago plan of hitting the nonpaying customer over the head with a bungstarter and then throwing him into the next ward is not preferable after all. Some day Murdo will go up against a superior swordsman and get hurt. The Chicago saloonist runs no such chances. As a wielder of the bungstarter or the ice pick he is secure against any odds.

JACOB HEATON, of Warren, Ind., is a sensible man and a philosopher. Being awakened by burglars in the

dead vast and middle of the night Mr. Heaton did not begin flogging around grabbing for his revolver and yelling for the police. On the contrary, he reached under his pillow, produced his money—some \$1,500—handed it to the housebreakers, turned over in bed and slept until morning. This is the exercise of common sense. If Mr. Heaton had resisted, if he had raised a hue and cry, he would probably have lost not only his money but his life. As it is, he sustained no injury, he had a good night's sleep, and there is every reason to believe that professional courtesy will lead the thieves, when they discover the occupation of their victim, to return the money. Mr. Heaton is a horse dealer.

If the Chinamen of Chicago are actually in search of saving grace they can get it just as well through the medium of elderly gentlemen with bald heads and spectacles as through the ministrations of good-looking young women. The Anti-Chinese Sunday School Society, whose object is to evangelize the Chinese without bringing them in contact with young women, is a commendable organization. If its recommendations are carried out it will soon be made apparent how many Celestials attend Sunday school through religious motives and how many go to ogle the good-looking misses who have made the conversion of the almond-eyed heathen a fashionable fad. The result may be discouraging to enthusiastic workers in the vineyard, but it will be a good thing for the young lady teachers. As for the Chinamen, they can salve themselves with "chop" and fan-tan.

FOOTBALL is to be under the ban of the Harvard authorities this year if President Eliot's recommendations are adopted. Dr. Eliot declares that the risks of the game are inordinate and excessive; that it blunts the sensibilities both of the players and of the habitual spectators, and that as played during the last five years it is the least useful of the games as a promoter of open air physical exercise for grown men, for the reason that this rough and intense game is out of the question for the great majority of students. He recommends that no football shall be played until the rules are so amended as to diminish the numbers and violence of the collisions between the players and to provide for the enforcement of the rules. If his suggestion is adopted there will be no football at all in Harvard. The game has degenerated into a contest of brute strength, and to rob it of the slugging features would be to render it rapid and uninteresting to its devotees.

LOYAL sentimentalists all over the country have been thanking their kindly gods that when the grand old Kearsarge went to the bottom with her honest hull torn to splinters by the cruel rocks of Boncador reef the famous guns with which she silenced and sunk the pirate Alabama were not aboard her. This fact was developed in the reply of a member of the naval committee to an enthusiastic Congressman's proposition to appropriate a large sum of money to raise and save the "historic guns of the Kearsarge." But, alas! even such melancholy consolation as was contained in the assurance that the Kearsarge carried a complete battery of new, modern guns to the bottom and not the heavy metal which settled Semmes is now torn rudely to shreds in the calm announcement that "an official statement prepared by the ordinance bureau for the information of the Secretary shows the following disposition of the battery aboard the Kearsarge at the time of the Alabama engagement: The two 11-inch guns are now at Mare Island (California) navy yard. The four 32-pounders were sold at the Boston navy yard in February, 1888, to M. Lissberger, of New York; the 30-pound Dahlgren rifle was sold at the same yard in 1875 to the Boston Machine Company, and the 12-pound light howitzer was melted up in October, 1889." Oh! what a fate is this! Four of the historic guns sold for old junk, one probably worked over into a modern breech-loader and resold, sans former shape, sans pedigree, sans everything tending to connect it with its honorable past, to nobody knows whom, and the last is nominally melted up into proletarian pig-metal! Better far had the guns of the Kearsarge gone down with the Kearsarge and found honorable burial 'neath the seas; they once proudly commanded, or better yet had the ordinance bureau kept its horrible, ghastly, vulgar knowledge to its musty and impersonal self.

Dreadful Vow. In W. R. LeFanu's "Seventy Years of Irish Life" is a reference to the visit of George IV. to Ireland in 1821, which was enlivened, as much as a state visit may be, by the following incident: The King entered Dublin in an open carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses, and attended by a number of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was in military uniform, and a constantly took off his hat, smiling and bowing to the people, who enthusiastically cheered him. At one point a man close to the carriage stretched out his hand to the King and said: "Shake hands, your Majesty!" The King shook hands heartily. The man waved his hand, and called out: "Begorra, I'll never wash that hand again!"

DENTISTS are great users of costly metals. Besides gold for stoppings, two-sevenths of the world's consumption of platinum is employed by them in making the wires by which the artificial teeth are firmly fastened to a plate.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cuts and Cunning Children.

A Baby and a Well.

Come, Tommy and Jess, clamber up on my knee. I'll tell you a story as true as can be: A true little story to you I will tell Of a darling live baby way down in a well!

While mamma was writing and nuzzling her guard, Oh! Harold his travels began in the yard; Straight down he tumbled through the orchard and on to the wood. His little feet scampered as fast as they could.

He came pretty soon to a hole, round and deep, Where a spring had danced up and then fallen asleep. So quiet it lay that the birds came to drink. And the sun played bo-peep with the fern 'round the brink.

He had heard there are tiny elf-creatures that dwell In the clear, glassy depths of a wood-en-ambled well. He had looked for as long as a half of a year For that home of the fairies, and, lo! it was here!

"Hurrah! there is one! and a baby, like me!" He laughs and he nods and he trembles with glee. "It is true—it is true!" and he flies home to tell Of the real baby-fay living down in the well.

There are mystical spirits all 'round us I'm sure; They smile and they sigh, they forbid and they lure; Some good and some naughty, some sad and some gay; Some watch us by night, some are with us at play.

And when little Harold bent over the rim Of the slippery stones that were mossy and dim. Some angel, I ween, saw that no harm befall. But his own baby-face looked up from the well!

—Florence Kendrick Cooper, in Independent.

A COASTING TRAGEDY.

In Which Words Are Superfluous.



"I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too, because I think she was real mean."

"Dear, dear! And is mamma to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother and was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck and said: "No, no, mamma dear; you shall not have any mean little girls at all. I guess Grace forgot, and I'll go and give her some of my candy now, so she won't ever forget again."

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to make her remember," she said. "And I am so glad I am to have two kind little girls."

A Mark of Esteem.

"Do you and your teacher get along well together, Wallie?"

"Splendid," said Wallie. "She likes me so much she won't let me sit at my desk, but keeps me on a little stool beside her all the time."

Jimmie's Ambition.

"Well, Jimmie," said the visitor to the small son of the entomologist, "are you going to be a lawyer when you grow up, or what?"

"I'm going to be a bugwump like papa," said Jimmie.

Had Tested Them.

"We got hardwood stairs in our house," bragged Jimmie.

"So've we," retorted Mollie. "I fell down 'em last Tuesday, an they was awful hard."

High Chair Philosophy.

TEACHER—What is the third commandment? Tommy—Remember to keep holy the sabbath day. That's right. Where should we go on Sunday? "To Coney Island," Texas Sittings.

LITTLE NELLIE climbed into Uncle Ned's lap, and began to search his pockets for a penny. Finding a silver quarter, she called out, "Oh, mamma, Uncle Ned has got a penny with a hen on it!"

LITTLE DOT—Where were you been? Little Dick—I went down town with papa to call on the Street Cleaning Department. Little Dot—What's that? It's a place where they tell people why the streets are not cleaned.

At the dinner table the other day, Mrs. C. remarked that the washerwoman (it being washday) had such a severe headache she could hardly hold up her head. Little Woodford, the bright little grandson of two and a half years, looked up and said, "Grandma, put on the check rein."

WALCOTT, a dear little three-year-old, who when he is good is very good, and when he is bad is horrid, is usually overwhelmed with remorse at his various misdemeanors. One evening, when his papa came home from the office, the little man, with a burden on his conscience, walked up to him and said, "Papa, I have been a naughty boy to-day. I was not good to my mamma! Please spank me."

Not Quite Appropriate.

A young fellow, says the New York Times, was looking over the various purchases of his stepmother, intended for a long and varied list. "Did you say this was for the new clergyman?" he inquired, holding up one card.

"Yes, that with the dove flying against the blue sky. Pretty, isn't it?" He gave a low whistle. "You didn't happen to read the legend, I suppose?" She shook her head. "I never thought of it. Why?" He tossed it into her lap and she saw: "A drum for me," said Willy Cross. And he began to practice "Rat-tat, rub-a-dub" on the bottom of a chair. "I want a little brother," said Josy Dorothy.

"Pshaw!" laughed Katie Brown, who had four brothers. "That wouldn't be a present at all; brothers just bother."

"I only want one," insisted Dorothy. "One wouldn't bother, 'cause we'd play together."

Pierre heard it all. He looked at Dorothy, and thought how nice it would be to have such a sister, for his mamma, too, had only one child—Pierre, with his cunning French ways.

For a week Pierre thought of Christmas, as he smelled the spices stirred into fruit cake and rich plum pudding for his father's customers. One day he laid his curly black head against his father's white apron.

"Papa," he asked, "may I give a Christmas present?"

"How much will it cost me?" said Papa Rosny, smiling.

"Nothing, papa, if I may give just what I please."

"What, not even a penny?" asked papa.

"No," said Pierre; "it is not to buy what I wish."

"Very well, my little man, do as you like," and Pierre was sent away with his chubby face shining.

"What do you say, mamma," he asked next day, "when you give a present?"

"I write on a card so," said Mrs. Rosny. "With my love, and pin it to the gift."

Christmas morning the bell rang at Dorothy's house, and there stood a pretty boy with a pink necktie, who said to the maid: "I have a present for Dorothy. Can I see her?"

Just then Dorothy herself ran in, with her yellow hair flying out behind, to see if anything had come from Santa Claus.

"Here is a young gentleman with a present," said the maid.

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "you dear Pierre, what is it?"

"Me," said Pierre, who had got out of his coat and muffler. On his breast was pinned a card which read, "With my love."

"What?" said Dorothy, "where is the present?"

"I'm it," cried Pierre, a little disappointed. "You wanted a little brother, and papa said I might give anything I liked to you, so I give myself to be your little brother."

The maid laughed, but Dorothy just put her hand in Pierre's and said, "How nice, and they went to playing together.—Little Men and Women.

How Janie Settled It.

"Here comes mamma," said Janie. "Oh, mamma, must I save some of my candy for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would."

"But Grace didn't give me any of hers yesterday."

"Didn't she? How did you like that?"

"I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too, because I think she was real mean."

"Dear, dear! And is mamma to have two mean little girls, then?"

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AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Danger in Feeding Clear Corn Meal to Cattle—Device for Holding Grain Bags—Comfortable Home-made Rustic Chair.

Home-made Rustic Chair.

Rustic chairs are not difficult to make, providing one has a pattern to follow. Such a pattern is furnished in the illustration from the American Agriculturist, which represents a chair smoother than the conventional rustic furniture, in which projecting knots are exceedingly conspicuous, and frequently exceedingly uncomfortable. Smooth sticks, smooth both as regards knots and bark—are easier to work and make much more attractive articles for the piazza or lawn. The seat of the chair illustrated is made of plain boards and covered with a generous cushion. The joints where strength is to be secured are of mortise and tenon, the latter being round and fitting smoothly into mortises made with a bit. Where no special strain comes upon the joints, as in the case of the short upright pieces under the seat and in the back, the joints may be firmly secured by the use of round-headed screws. Somewhat the same design, much elongated, may be used in making a rustic settee. In this case the pieces of wood should, of course, be considerably heavier than would be suitable for the making of a rustic chair, as the latter is to be easily movable.

Clover and Blue-Grass.

Clover, like some of the weeds, is hard to exterminate if allowed to go to seed. If the seed are plowed under six or eight inches, they will remain in a sound condition for years and grow readily when brought near the surface by deep plowing. Where clover has ever been on the land, clover plants will make their appearance every time the land lies idle.

Old blue-grass pastures and meadows can be greatly improved by sowing them, in February or early March, in clover, at the rate of one peck of seed to four acres of land. Clover in blue-grass pastures does not interfere with the yield of grass, but in most cases the yield of grass seems to be greater when the clover is in it, and the clover is in no way hindered from growing.

If some of the clover in pastures goes to seed each year there will be more or less clover every year, but if grazed close enough to prevent seeding it will be necessary to sow clover every two years. It is an old maxim that a little clover makes a wonderful show. The two crops seem to be an aid to each other. The yield of each is increased by the presence of the other. When we consider it is no trouble outside of sowing the seed to get a stand of clover in old meadows, the wonder is nearly all meadows do not have some clover in them.

Red clover, when fed alone to work stock, may be in many ways objectionable, but when fed in connection with timothy hay we cannot see that any objection can be made to it. Much of the prejudice against clover as food for work stock comes from feeding stock have too much. But no particularly bad results have been noticed from giving work horses all they can eat of timothy and clover equalled mixed. It should not be forgotten that meadows with clover in them should be cut as soon as the clover is ready for the machine. If clover is allowed to get dead-ripe its nutritive qualities are in a measure lost. Timothy loses nothing, save a little in weight, from being early harvested.

Feeding Clear Cornmeal.

Do all farmers know that feeding clear cornmeal to dairy cows in winter is a dangerous practice? I knew it fifty years ago, because my father told me so, but I did not know for certain that I did know it until I spoiled seven different cows trying to find out the truth. So writes a contributor to an exchange. It is such a heating food that cows about to come in fresh milk should never be fed clear cornmeal.

It will cause garget in the old cow's udder, and small kernels in the teats, and you always have a dence of a time getting them all right after calving, and generally lose one teat the first year, another the next season, and there is nothing left to feed with such an animal but make beef of it.

Since I came to my senses on this important subject I have used over a hundred different cows in my dairy business, and have never had a single case of garget since I quit feeding clear cornmeal to cows. I sometimes feed a one-fourth ration of meal with a three-fourths ration of bran or oats safely, but I do hope other farmers are not so stubborn as I am naturally, and will not lose so much money getting this information rubbed into them.

Open Grain Chambers.

In cold climates many farmers take the precaution to surround their barnyards on three sides with buildings, which add wonderfully to the comfort of animals that spend at least a portion of each day out of doors, whether it be winter, with its necessary stable feeding, or summer, with its scorching sun. But to secure the comfort of cows that are turned into the yard in summer an open shed is highly desirable. It is also an important addition to a yard where cows are turned at night in summer, whether

kept in the stable or the pasture during the day, for sudden storms and showers frequently arise in the night and thoroughly drench the stock that has no shelter it can seek. For sheep, cows, weanling calves, and other stock, such an open shed has pronounced advantages both in summer and winter. The one told of in the Country Gentleman is combined with a corn and grain chamber, which is entered from the midway landing of the stairs leading from the first to the second floor of the stable to which the smaller building is attached. The grain is thus constantly at hand when needed for the use of the animals, and is easily and conveniently housed after being thrashed from the straw or husked from the stalk.

Garden Waste for Poultry.

On most market gardens there is a good deal of waste vegetable matter thrown out of the wash-house daily and dumped into the hog pen or on the manure pile, says the Independent. Much of this, such as cabbage leaves, coarse celery stalks, lettuce leaves, etc., are just what the poultry needs in winter, and it will pay any poultryman who lives near a market garden to secure a supply of it. Of course the market gardener who keeps poultry will have the advantage of a constant supply of this waste at hand without the trouble of transporting it to his farm. Where a good supply of vegetables cannot easily be obtained, clover hay is the most convenient substitute. If cut in a hay-cutter and wet with boiling hot water, and then covered up for an hour, the hens will eat it greedily and leave very little of it behind them. Dry hay or straw should also be given them to scratch among for exercise.

Clover on New Land.

Prof. Thomas Shaw of Minnesota, writes in Live Stock Report about the difficulties in getting clover catches on new land in the Northwest. He attributes the fact to porosity of new soil, which causes drying winds to penetrate it and take away its moisture. In the dry regions beyond the great lakes this may possibly be the effect, but elsewhere we have found that a soil which is porous at the surface furnished the clover catch. Loose soil on the surface acts as a mulch, and keeps the soil below moist, than it would otherwise be. We have usually had better catches of clover on land newly cleared than on that long cultivated. On the latter sowing on a surface that has been repeatedly frozen and thawed during the winter gave the best results. But on new cleared land we have had just as good clover catches with oats, which are generally a poor crop to seed with.

Grain Bag Holder.

By the use of a bag holder, constructed as shown in the accompanying illustration, it is possible for one

man to bag and tie the grain as fast as it is run through the fanning-mill. This contrivance is a very easy thing to make, and will pay upon every farm. The one in the engraving explains itself. The most important thing to be considered is to make the foundation blocks of 4x4 inch heavy timber to prevent upsetting. Instead of the complete arrangement, simply this bag-holding circle can be made, and hung along the side of the granary, or to the mill, or any other upright surface.

Roadside Dirt as Manure.

It often pays to plow low places on the side of roads where there is much travel, and opening the fence scrape the rich soil into the adjoining fields. Perhaps it would not pay to load and unload dirt and carry it much distance, but a man with active team and scraper can dispose of a large amount of soil by a few hours work. Not only will the field be enriched, but the road will be improved, the removal of the earth from the sides making the road bed comparatively more elevated. It is a far better plan than the practice which

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

WRINKLES IN WHEELS

MANY NEW NOVELTIES BEING INTRODUCED.

Bicycles Rigged for Sale by Which Great Speed is Attained—Device of a Frenchman to Bring the Arms into Play While Riding a Wheel.

For Those Who Ride.

The friends of cycling are legion and their number is augmented every day. As a sport, it remains as popular as ever, and during the enforced dullness of the winter months the cyclist dreams but of the prospective enjoyment of another season. Long before the advent of the first robin and the timid crocus, the wheelman has been in full bloom and can be seen gayly "pumping" through mud and slush having a glorious time in making himself and others believe that gentle spring has come.

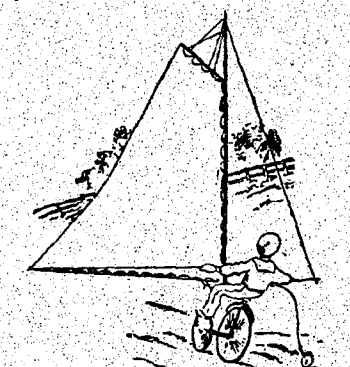
It is no longer necessary for the cyclist to wait until the winter months, consign his "rusty steed" to an obscure corner, there to gather rust and dust. An enterprising genius in Erie, Pa., has come to the rescue and invented an ice and snow bicycle which is to fill the over-present long-



PROPELLED BY HANDS AND FEET.

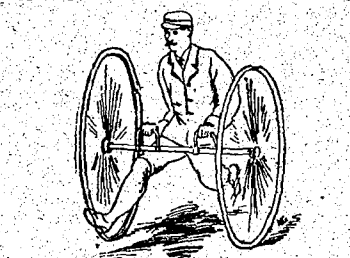
felt want. The inventor claims great things for this machine, and if it can perform half of what is promised, the ice cycle ought certainly to become popular. The new affair is provided with runners and has a skate-like equipment clamped to one of the wheels. The tire of the hind wheel is furnished with sharp prongs by the means of which a good grip is secured on a slippery surface. The speed attained by the ice cycle under favorable circumstances is said to be very great. Nevertheless it is doubtful if in its present development the machine can become popular.

The decided novelty in the bicycle world, and one which will be sure to create a sensation, is a machine invented by M. Valere, a noted French engineer. It is on exhibition in Paris, where it has attracted considerable attention from all wheelmen attending the great bicycle exhibition now being held in that city. The most serious objection to the sport has been that while the legs and their muscles are getting more than enough of exercise, the arm and upper portion of the body receive relatively none,



SUGGESTION FOR LONG-DISTANCE RIDING.

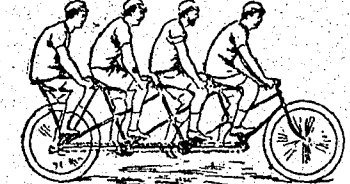
being, as a rule, held in a rigid position. It is with the aim to overcome this grave drawback that Valere has constructed his bicycle, which he has given the name of "running machine," on account of the motions made by the rider. The hand-bars of this machine are entirely dispensed with, and in their stead are two levers, which are worked almost horizontally. When in motion the rider looks like a person running and swinging his arms. That is to say, when the left leg, for instance, is advanced in pressing down the pedal the right arm performs the corresponding movement in putting one of the levers backward. There is a concerted action of both hands and



A TRAINING MACHINE.

feet, the propulsion of the one and the traction of the other. These two forces are concentrated to give the bicycle the highest momentum of speed. The inventor appeared before the Minister of Liberal Arts and by his many practical tests of the various advantages claimed for his machine was given a document in which M. Valere is declared to have "invented one of the best of bicycles." Great is his invention, indeed, if it can be practically demonstrated that a man in riding this contrivance can use his arms as effectively for a driving power as he can his legs. Aside from this advantage there will be an opportunity for the development of the formidable biceps as there is now of calves.

When it comes to speed this new machine is a marvel; there has been

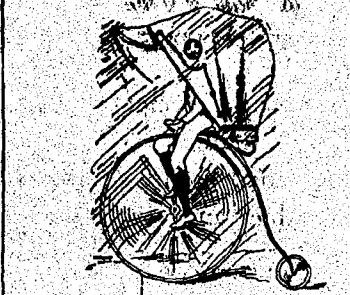


THE QUARTET.

nothing in the way of bit, or any kind of cycles that have reached it for swiftness. It is claimed that with a Valere handled by an experienced rider the average speed will be about thirty-seven miles an hour! If all or

even half of the wonderful things promised for this new machine be true, we can look forward to a complete revolution of cycling.

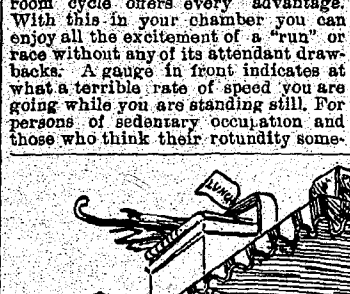
For a pacemaker, the quadruplet seems to win more favor than any other machine of the same nature. It is not a feature that will become popular, and few clubs will indulge in the extravaganza.



FOR RAINY DAYS.

gance of one or more of these swift but cumbersome machines; their place is more among the freaks than among the regular "wheels." In this class may also be mentioned a new "rasher," consisting of a pair of wheels, the axle of which is provided with adjustable handles. You push these wheels before you and run or walk at any pace described by this mode of exercise is said to be extremely beneficial in strengthening the lungs and securing great development of the chest. For people to whom this would seem too violent exercise, the new cycle offers every advantage.

With this in your chamber you can enjoy all the excitement of a "run" or race without any of its attendant drawbacks. A gauge in front indicates at what a terrible rate of speed you are going while you are standing still. For persons of sedentary occupation and those who think their rotundity some-



IDEAL FAMILY BICYCLE.

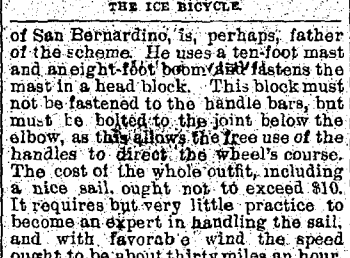
what too pronounced these room cycles or home trainers offer splendid opportunities for improvement of both health and muscles.

Propelled on Land by Sails. Sailing on dry land sounds a trifle incongruous, but it will be a popular sport next summer. The only reason that sailing on bicycles does not become a prominent feature is no doubt because it is comparatively new thing. Some time last summer an enterprising Californian rigged his safety with sails and the experiment was a complete success. Abroad the idea has taken like wildfire, and judging from the reports it must be great fun. Mr. White



THE ICE BICYCLE.

of San Bernardino, is, perhaps, father of the scheme. He uses a ten-foot mast and an eight-foot boom, and fastens the mast in a head block. This block must not be fastened to the handle bars, but must be bolted to the joint below the elbow, so that the free use of the hands to direct the wheel's course. The cost of the whole outfit, including a nice sail, ought not to exceed \$10, and the rider can enjoy a steady breeze and a fine view of the country while he is riding. The speed ought to be about thirty miles an hour. As a matter of course, great care must



THE NEW MILKING MAID.

be taken in sailing along the country roads. While scudding under a stiff breeze the rider might suddenly bring up against some startled nag or irate bull, which might have serious results. Many of the later improvements in cycle sailing tackle dispense with the boom entirely, and simply carry a triangular canvas sail of generous proportions rigged on an exceedingly light but tough bamboo frame. To prevent the possibility of a sudden capsize a stout outrigger having a little wheel on the end is always carried. When not in use it can be put up with the sail in a very small package. This little outrigger enables the land sailor to take solid comfort, as it sustains the

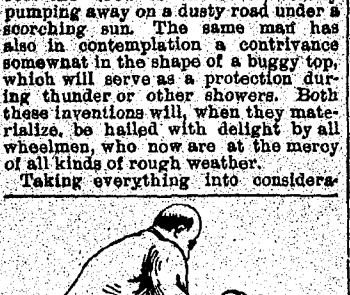


THE QUARTET.

balance on the lee side, no matter how stiff the breeze may be.

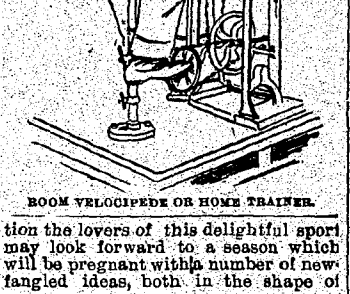
The comforts of the riders and their protection against the inclemency of the weather have also been looked after more than ever. One manufacturer proposes to provide fans connected with the running gear, which will in no way impede the speed, but cool the brow of the rider, wearily pumping away on a dusty road under a scorching sun. The same man has also in contemplation a contrivance somewhat in the shape of a buggy top, which will serve as a protection during thunder or other showers. Both these inventions will, when they materialize, be hailed with delight by all wheelmen, who now are at the mercy of all kinds of rough weather.

Taking everything into considera-



ROOM VELOCIPED OR HOME TRAINER.

tion the lovers of this delightful sport may look forward to a season which will be pregnant with number of new fangled ideas, both in the shape of



ROOM VELOCIPED OR HOME TRAINER.

novel attachments as well as entire machines. The great aim of makers of wheels is to combine comfort and durability in their productions.

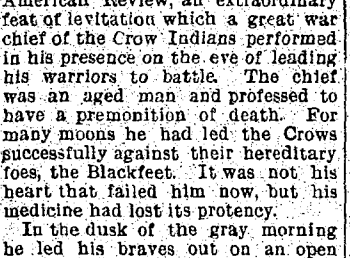
At one time there was a rather pronounced prejudice against women using the bicycle, but that has long since given way to a most enthusiastic approval of its use among the fairer sex. Fashion, which decrees most everything in the feminine world, has no doubt had considerable to do with making the wheel popular with women. There is a constantly growing demand for "machines" among ladies and young girls and from men who take to the wheel merely for its healthful exercise.

Tricycles are at a decided disadvantage nowadays and are rated very much lower. Even the little folks look upon these antiquated affairs with contempt, and almost rather go without riding if they cannot have a safety. It is surprising to see the number of tots, particularly little girls, who are expert riders. They seem to be a great deal quicker in learning how to ride than the boys of the same age, and handle their diminutive machines with all the assurance of veterans.



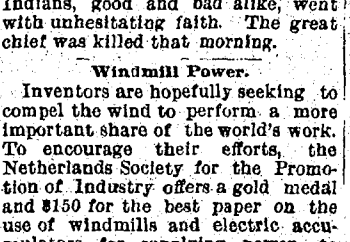
FORESTED HIS OWN DEATH.

James Beckworth, the famous scout, who became a war chief under the name of Medicine Wolf, among the Crows, has related to the North American Review, an extraordinary feat of levitation which a great warrior in his presence on the eve of leading his warriors to battle. The chief was an aged man and professed to have a premonition of death. For many moons he had led the Crows successfully against their hereditary foes, the Blackfeet. It was not his heart that failed him now, but his medicine had lost its potency.



THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

In the dusk of the gray morning he led his braves out on an open prairie, setting his shield on edge some fifteen or twenty feet in front of him, pointed to it with his lance. As the eyes of the fighting men rested upon the embossed surface of the buckler it appeared to rise slowly from the ground until it reached a height corresponding to the head of the chief; it then, by the same invisible means, passed through the air until it obscured his face and hid it from his warriors.



THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

A thrill of horror pervaded the assemblage, but no word was spoken. It was taken as an emblem of his approaching eclipse, his banishment from this world, his journey to the land of the Spirit, to which all Indians, good and bad alike, went with unhesitating faith. The great chief was killed that morning.

MEN'S SOCIETY CLOTHES.

What They Should Wear When They Go Out on Pleasure Bent.

Women generally know how to dress themselves and their children for most of the "functions" of society. But they are often sadly perplexed as to how their husbands should be attired. Beyond knowing that men should not wear evening clothes before 8 o'clock, their ideas on masculine garb are vague. And, as they frequently have to decide the question of what their lords and masters shall wear, it would be wise for them to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following facts:

At 2 o'clock weddings, known as morning weddings, which are about the only early festivities to which a man can be dragged, the bridegroom wears dark-striped trousers, double-breasted frock coat, undressed pearl-gray gloves, white four-in-hand, tall hat and big boutonniere. The ushers are similarly attired, and the masculine wedding guests who aim to be correct, wear clothes of the same general fashion, though, of course, the style of their ties, gloves and boutonnières is not prescribed by law. At all fashionable morning affairs this uniform, with some individual variations, is correct.

In the evening, of course, evening clothes are necessary. This season prescribes a three-button, plain shirt front, a straight, stand-up collar, either a black cloth waistcoat or a double-breasted, four-buttoned white one. No jewelry is worn, and pearl-gray gloves, stiff with black, are considered in best taste, as are patent leather shoes.—New York World.

Thanks to the Bear.

Almost a hundred years ago two young men who lived in a Kentucky fort went out to look for a strayed dog. They wandered hither and thither through the woods, until, toward evening, they found themselves in a wild valley six or seven miles from home. Here the younger of them, Francis, Downing by name, fancied that he heard the snapping of twigs behind them. Some Indians were dogging their footsteps, he believed. His companion, Yates, treated the matter as a jest, and offered to insure Downing's scalp for sixpence.

Downing was not satisfied, and finally, as he continued to hear the suspicious noises, he beat behind Yates some twenty or thirty paces, and at a favorable spot sprang suddenly aside and dropped into a thick patch of huckleberry bushes. Yates, who was singing, continued his course, and was soon out of sight.

Almost at the same moment two Indians pushed aside the stalks of a canebrake, and looked cautiously in the direction that Yates had taken. Poor Downing, fearing that his own movements had been observed, determined to fire upon the savages, but in his nervousness—he was hardly more than a boy—he let off his gun without taking aim.

Then he started to run. Very soon he met Yates, who had heard the report, and had hastened back to see what was the matter. The enemy was now in full view, and the two white men ran for their lives. Yates, who was the faster of the two, would not leave Downing in the lurch.

The Indians gained upon them steadily, till they came to a deep gully. Yates cleared it easily enough, but Downing, being pretty well exhausted, fell short, and after striking the farther bank, dropped to the bottom.

The Indians, meantime, were crossing the gully a little farther down, and seeing Yates making off ahead, they took chase after him. Downing crept along the bed of the gully till it became too shallow to conceal him; and then, looking up, saw one of the Indians returning, evidently to look for him. Again he took to his heels, and the Indian followed. All hope of escape was dying out of the young fellow's heart when he came to an overturned poplar-tree.

He took one side of it and the Indian took the other. Just then the Indian yelled. "A bear!" he cried, and was looking for his cue in a bed which he had made near the roots of the tree. She greeted the Indian with a bark, and Downing did not tarry to see how the interview terminated. New hope put new life into his legs, and he reached the fort in safety, where he was welcomed by Yates who had arrived two hours before.

Francis's Deadly Rifle.

The Manlicher rifle, which has just been tested in Europe, is declared to be inferior to the French arm. If that is so, our own troops would have a rather meager chance if opposed to any of the crack army corps of France. This rifle is smokeless and has a range of three miles. An American naval officer who has written an article upon the comparative power of European arms, said that a skillful marksman could create havoc in an army with the new rifle at a distance of two miles, and that in an unsettled country it would be impossible to tell from which point the attack came. This would seem to indicate that cavalry will be a tradition hereafter. When the enemy can lie in ambush and mow down horses and men two miles away there will be no more stirring scenes or stories of carrying forts and other strong positions by a rush of cavalry. A two-mile rush in the face of a storm of bullets coming from an unknown quarter would have results compared with which the charge of the Light Brigade seems like child's play.—New York Sun.

The Wise Men of Gotham.

As King John was passing through the village of Gotham, on his way to Nottingham, he proposed to make a short-cut across the meadows. The villagers, thinking that whatever road a king took thenceforward became a public road, objected, much to John's annoyance.

Shortly afterward he sent some messengers from his court to learn the cause of the villagers' rudeness. Hearing of the coming of the king's servants, the villagers hid, upon the following plan of turning aside the monarch's wrath: When the messengers arrived, they found some of the inhabitants engaged in trying to drown an eel in a pond; others were busy rolling cheeses down a hill, so that they might run to Nottingham for sale, while a third set were employed in placing a hedge

round a bush on which a cuckoo had perched, in order that they might enjoy perpetual spring.

The king's servants thought they had come among a village of fools, and, having reported what they had seen, John formed the same opinion, and troubled himself no more about what he considered their idleness to him. Hence people have talked about the "wise men," or "the fools," of Gotham.

There was much wisdom in their folly, however. There is to-day, so it is said, a bush growing on the site of the one whereon the cuckoo perched.

LEVI P. MORTON'S BARN.

A Handsome Structure 300 Feet Long Situated at Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Last August a magnificent barn at Rhinebeck, N. Y., owned by ex-Vice President Morton was destroyed by fire. Work was at once begun on a building to take its place and the new structure has recently been completed. The new building, according to the New York Herald, is 300 feet long, sixty-five feet wide, and where the silos are located, eighty-nine feet wide. The latest improvements have been introduced in the building and no expense has been spared to make



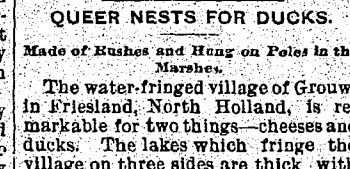
BARN OF LEVI P. MORTON.

it a model barn and one of the finest in this country. Railroad tracks for cars to carry feed run around the interior of the barn; there are blinds on every window, so arranged as to open or shut at will. To keep the heat out in summer, the area walls outside of the building have a six-inch blue stone coping, with an iron railing five feet high. The basement is of concrete eight inches thick, with a cross brick wall with chestnut sleepers to rest upon, and drainage under the whole. The basement under the L, which is 40x50 feet in size, is fitted up as a root cellar. The silos are three in number and hold 1,500 tons. The stalls in the barn are provided with fire escape fasteners, so that any one of them, can be opened at will. Three hundred thermostats are placed in the barn to give an alarm in case of fire. They tell what part of the building is on fire and are connected with the farm house and office. The barn is lighted by incandescent lights. The latest improved machinery is provided for grinding feed, etc., including a powerful engine. The many new inventions introduced in the construction of the barn are being closely observed by experts.

QUEER NESTS FOR DUCKS.

Made of Rushes and Hung on Poles in the Marshes.

The water-fringed village of Grou, in Friesland, North Holland, is remarkable for two things—cheeses and ducks. The lakes which fringe the village on three sides are thick with bulrushes and water grass, and afford excellent cover for wild ducks and other aquatic fowl. To promote the comfort of the former and at the same time facilitate the collection of their eggs the villagers construct



DUCK NESTS IN HOLLAND.

the nests of the form shown in the accompanying illustration. The nests are made of plaited rushes, and are hung on poles driven into the soil or perched between the forks of trees. Above each coterie the owner of the nests fixes pieces of colored cloth, which enable him to readily distinguish his nests from those of his neighbors. These bits of bunting are useful also to the birds, who invariably keep to their own nests. The owner goes each morning in his boat to the nesting ground, thrusts his arm into the bottle-shaped nests, and collects their contents for the market.



DUCK NESTS IN HOLLAND.

Verbal "Ducks and Drakes." Some men "make ducks and drakes with shillings," others with words. An Irishman, who had begun with an old junk-cart, having by his industry and knowledge of his business become prosperous, thought he would hang two or three pictures on his parlor walls.

"I'm no connoisseur," said he to a dealer in pictures, "but I know a good thing when I see it."

"You mean connoisseur, doubtless," interrupted the dealer.

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't," he replied.

Just then a well-known wealthy merchant stopped to look at the engravings displayed in the window.

"That man's a millionaire!" exclaimed the junk-dealer.

"Millionaire, you mean?" retorted the picture dealer.

"Well, you may call him as you please, but I call him a millionaire," replied the unabashed Irishman.

Oh, Mr. Le Fanu, in his stories of Irish life, tells this one: "A neighbor mine said that a very fine horse he had bought a few days previously had gone lame. 'What is the matter with him?' asked a Mr. T. 'I am greatly afraid he has got the ver-nacular,' said he (of course he meant navicular)."

"Dear me!" said T. "I never heard of any quadruped having that disease except Balaam's ass!"—Youth's Companion.

NERVOUSNESS.

A Condition That Should Receive Prompt and Intelligent Treatment.

Nervousness is a condition not easy to define, but the common use of the term in every-day speech indicates the commonness of the thing itself. There are few persons, indeed, who have not at some time suffered from irritability of the nerves and its accompanying depression.

It is to be remembered that this state always indicates a falling away from the normal standard of health. It should be taken as a danger signal, a notice from the nerves that something is wrong. The cause of the trouble is sometimes easily found, as, for example, temporary or habitual loss of sleep; or the difficulty may be more deeply seated, and more serious. Whatever the cause, nervousness indicates a lack of nervous force, a lowering of vital energy. Somewhere a tap is loose, and waste is proceeding more rapidly than repair. In such a state of things, the performance of every voluntary action and of every unconscious organic function is affected unfavorably.

Women suffer from nervousness more commonly than men. It is a mistake, however, to think that there is any material difference between the nerve structure of the two sexes. Unfavorable surroundings and occupations account for the greater frequency of nervous diseases among women. Farmers are rarely affected with nervousness. "Farm" wives are almost proverbially unaffected.

Loss of sleep, indigestion, grief or worry, and many other functional causes may produce nervousness. Doubtless the most frequent cause is lack of sufficient out-door air and of moderate exercise.

It is too common for nervous people to think their complaint too trivial for a physician's notice. Strict inquiry as to the manner of life often reveals errors the correction of which relieves the conditions and averts serious disease.

"Overwork does not kill, but overwork does," some one has said, with a measure of exaggeration. Excessive work may mean a shorter life, but constant worry over every-day cares is sure to do so.

Ceaseless cares exhaust the nervous energy. Change of occupation and of scene allows the nervous forces—the celebrant gray matter—to become rested. Nervous matter is actually consumed in performing the details of every-day existence, just as muscular tissue is expended in exercise.

A spring kept at a constant tension surely loses its elasticity, while one which is frequently unbent does not. The figure is a good one to apply to mental and nervous experience.—Youth's Companion.

Almost Dragged Under.

The author of "Eskimo Life" described a day's hunt, when the men of the village put out to sea, each in his cranky little kaiaik; after seals, auks, fish, or whatever other game may present itself. Tobias began by chasing a seal which dived and did not come up again within sight, but the man is one of the best hunters of the village, as the reader may judge by what follows. He had sighted another seal, and was skimming over the sea toward it, when the huge head of a hooded seal popped upright in front of the kaiaik, and was harpooned in an instant.

It makes a frightful wallowing and dives the harpoon line whirling out, but suddenly gets fouled under the throwing-stick of the bird-dart. The bow of the kaiaik is drawn under with an irresistible rush, and before Tobias knows where he is, the water is up to his armpits, and nothing can be seen of him but his head and shoulders and the stern of the kaiaik, which sticks right up into the air.

"It looks as if it were all over with him," those who were nearest paddled with all their might to his assistance, but with scant hope however to save him.

Tobias, however, is a first-rate kaiaik man. In spite of his difficult position, he keeps upon even keel while he is dragged through the water by the seal, which does all he can to get him entirely under.

At last it comes up again, and in a moment he has seized his lance, and with deadly aim, had pierced the seal through the head. A feeble movement, and it is dead.

The seal was making up in time to Tobias what he was losing in buoyancy, and to get the pieces of blubber to which each is entitled. They cannot restrain their admiration for his coolness and skill, and speak of it long afterward.

Where They Could Not Hit It.

Marshal Blucher, the famous Prussian General, was always foremost in the fight. His zeal in attack was such, indeed, that the Russian nicknamed him "Marshal Forward."

After the battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII., the King of France, desired to bestow upon him the Order of the Holy Ghost; but the soldier would not accept it. He hadn't forgotten how Napoleon had trodden on his country for years, and he hated France and everything French.

The Duke of Wellington endeavored to persuade him to receive this mark of royal respect.

"If I do," said Blucher, "I will hang the Order on my back."

"Well," replied the Duke, "if you do, you will only show how highly you value it, by hanging it where the enemy will never hit it."

This was a neatly turned compliment.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Excellent Word Artists of Our Own Day.—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spirit.

Of course a bright girl ought to have a spark of humor.—Lowell Courier.

—To tell a dignified citizen to pull down his vest is apt to raise his choler.—Sittings.

THE original Sheriff can manage an execution as soon as he gets the hang of the thing.—Piscayune.

THE fact that a woman is slightly by no means indicates that she is growing wings.—Detroit Tribune.

SOME faddlers "can play a tune on one string, but it never makes anybody want to dance.—Ram's Horn.

TEACHER—Define quartz. MILLER—A son (who is rather absent-minded).—Pint and a half.—Tid-Bite.

TIR—What is your father going to give you when you get married? LIL—"His consent, I suppose."—The Standard.

DUKE OF SQUALLERO—"I will never marry a woman cleverer than myself." MISS WHIRLWIND—"You'll have great trouble getting suited."—Vogue.

IN olden times the Egyptians had a cat cemetery which they considered sacred. We suppose they called their cat cemeteries.—Rochester Democrat.

THE seraphic uplifting of the soul following one's first shave in the dawn period of one's existence can never be repeated.—Boston Transcript.

DR. BOCK, of Leipzig, says: "Beer is brutalizing, wine impassions, whiskey infuriates." He is not the Bock the beer is named after, evidently.—Boston Globe.

TAK editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.—Life.

MR. CHURCH—"If that's 'A Hunting Scene' why don't the men have guns?" MR. CAUSTIC—"Perhaps the artist painted some so naturally that they've gone off."—Jester.

JACK (to his sister Ethel)—"Cholly Chumpleigh said he was coming round to propose to you to-night. Has he turned up?" Ethel—"Yes, and been turned down."—Hullo.

MAUD—"Why don't you give young Sewers some encouragement if you love him?" Nell—"Oh, he ought to be able to press his own suit; he's a tailor."—Philadelphia Record.

FIRST DEACON (criticizing minister)—"Well, if Mr. Hardtest isn't very interesting, he at least doesn't sleep over." SECOND DEACON—"No; he is too dry for that."—Texas Siftings.

THE POET'S WIFE—"They say that poetry is a drug on the market." THE POET—"Nonsense! If you'd ever sold any poetry and bought any drugs you'd know the difference."—Harlem Life.

ELDERLY MAIDEN—This is so unexpected, Mr. Wellalong, that—that you must give me time. Elderly Lover—Time, Miss Rebecca? Do you think there is any to spare?—Chicago Tribune.

"THIS taxi' incomes ain't the thing to do to make the country rich," said Uncle Silas. "They'd oughter tax expenditures. People'd spend less'n save more then."—Harper's Bazar.

MISS HEVYWEIGHT asked me to call," said Cholly, with a delighted grin. "Did she?" said his unkind friend. "She told me yesterday she was going to be very careful to avoid all pleasure during Lent."—Washington Star.

CLOSE MERCHANT—Yes, sir, I want a new book-keeper, but the other one in the lot. Agent—"But isn't it a trifle small for a man of your husband's prominence?" Widow—"No, sir! If Thomas thought a stone like that was good enough for his first wife, I guess it's plenty good enough for Thomas."—Life.

MR. FARWEST—"I met my old schoolmate, Lakeside, to-day, for the first time in an age, and I thought from the way he acted when I mentioned you that you and he must have had some romance or other before we met." Mrs. Farwest—"No romance about it. We were married for a few years, that's all."—New York Weekly.

MANAGER—"The drollery say that in the play 'A Wronged Wife,' you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return." Popular Actress—"Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave, never to return, and I guess I know just as much about how to act under those circumstances as anybody."—Pinks.

JUDGE BROAD—"Prisoner at the bar you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow, and along the tip of his head. What have you to say for yourself?" ALKALI (the prisoner)—"Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge ag'in him, an' so I jest shot him in the thin places around the edges so's not to hurt him too much."—Life.

"No," SAID Farmer Cornatass's wife; "famine ain't for everybody. There's Josiah, he done his best, but he never will get famous." "What was his ambition?" "Ter git his picture in the paper. He set up nights tryin' ter think of some ailment ter take patent medicine for, but he was so overpowered 'n' healthy that they wasn't a single thing for 'im ter git cured of."—Washington Star.

ALL ALONE!

Look in the way it acts, and in the way it cures, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

A long procession of diseases start from a weak liver and impure blood. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression). As the system improves, the blood builds up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It restores every organ to healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system and restores health and vigor.

Mrs. Susan Gordon. Of Rice, Benton County, Minn., writes: "I have taken three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and feel quite well and strong now, so that I am able to do my work without the least fatigue."

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Too Beautiful to Live.

The pride and flower of all the youth of the Zoo is the young hippopotamus. As it lies on its side, with eyes half closed, its square nose like the end of a bolster tilted upward, its little fat legs stuck out straight at right angles to its body, and its toes turned up like a duck's, it looks like a gigantic, newborn rabbit. It has a pale, pearly-colored stomach, and the same artistic shade adorns the soles of its feet. It has a double chin, and its eyes, like a bull-calf's, are set on pedestals, and close gently as it goes to sleep with a bland, enormous smile. It cost \$2500 when quite small, and, to quote the opinion of an eminent grazier, who was looking it over with a professional eye, it still looks like "growing into money."

There are consequences in his too much breeding which London is just too beautiful to live.—*London Spectator.*

To Cure a Sty.

To cure a sty, take the white of an egg on a saucer and rub into it a small pinch of powdered alum. It will become a curd. Put it between your eyes and gently as it goes to sleep with a bland, enormous smile. It cost \$2500 when quite small, and, to quote the opinion of an eminent grazier, who was looking it over with a professional eye, it still looks like "growing into money."

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"I Owe My Life To You."

That is a strong statement, yet exactly what Miss Gertrude Sickler, of Wilton, N.J., has written to Mrs. Pinkham. She says:—

"I suffered terribly with suppressed and painful menstruations. Doctors could only keep me from having fits each month by giving me morphine. This continued until I was completely prostrated. My father at last got me a bottle of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**, which at once gave me relief. It did what the doctors could not do. I am now a healthy, happy woman, and have no dread of the coming month. I owe my life to you."

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED

Swamp-Root Cured Me.

Confined to Bed for Weeks by Kidney and Liver Complaint.

Versailles, Ind., June 9, 1893.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—My age is sixty-two years. I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for nearly three years. With the exception of Swamp-Root, I have tried every remedy known to me, but to no avail. I am now feeling well and can do a day's work without feeling pain. M. N. Marshall.

At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. "Swamp-Root" is a trade name. Beware of cheap imitations. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. Marshall's

Not able to do a day's work. I tried different doctors and the medicines they recommended for these diseases, but all to no avail. I changed to the advertisement of Swamp-Root. I commenced taking it at once and in less than a week, the first dose, I am improved from the beginning and I am now feeling well and can do a day's work without feeling pain. M. N. Marshall.

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RADWAY'S

READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammation, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Headache, Toothache, Asthma.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST CASES IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES. NOT ONE HOUR AFTER READING THIS ADVERTISEMENT NEED ANY ONE SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ALL INTERNAL AFFAIRS, cramps in the bowels or stomach, indigestion, sour stomach, nausea, vomiting, heartburn, diarrhoea, colic, flatulency, and all other ailments are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally as directed.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers. RADWAY'S RELIEF. FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE. Sold by Druggists.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times as much of the cocoa nib as the Dutch process. It is made from the finest cocoa nibs, and is free from sugar, and is a far more economical, nourishing, and easily digested.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

PATENTS

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STARVING IN TEXAS.

TALES OF HUNGER, DEATH, AND DESOLATION.

Along the Rio Grande.

The Rio Grande Valley might be likened to the valley of the shadow of death. Where a few years ago thousands of head of cattle, horses, sheep and goats grazed on luxuriant and nutritious grasses is now a floor of sand and alkali. Buzzards and wolves are all that is left in animal life, except a few destitute and starving families. In vegetation nothing is seen except the great green cactus, with its forbidding thorns, which secure it against attack of even sheep and goats. In Starr, Zapata and portions of Bexar, El Paso, Cameron, Dimmit, Maverick and Duval Counties in the extreme southwestern portion of the State the desert wait prevails.

In Starr County the situation is more deplorable and the ruin and desolation more widespread than in the adjoining counties, but in sections of each the same awful and gruesome state of affairs is manifest. Until four years ago this section was one apparently most favored by nature. Vegetation was rank in growth. The mild, salubrious climate made it a favorite place for all who prospered and happy. Cattle and sheep thrived and fattened on the wild grasses, and with little effort in the way of cultivation the husbandman garnered enough to supply all needs. In these favored localities, where springs were numerous, little towns had been established and a large population was contentedly living, deriving its income from the vast stock and sheep industries. All this has been transformed. The scene shifted and the white, bleached bones of animals covering the ground for miles and miles is all the eye now meets. No crops have been raised or harvested for four consecutive years. Even the springs have dried up. The scene presented is that of a vast desert with nothing to relieve the monotony.

A sad State of Affairs.

To increase the want and misery, hunger has attacked mankind as well as the dumb animals, and many have died praying for bread. For a time the poor suffered from lack of food, and the dead animals which the buzzards had not completely devoured. The little Mexican children are naked, and the older ones without clothes to cover their bodies. In Starr County, for example, fully 90 per cent of all live stock has perished. A year ago there were in that county 22,000 horses, 55,000 cattle, 125,000 sheep, and 26,000 goats. To-day there are not all told in that county more than 10,000 head of four-footed animals. Wealthy men are bankrupt and absolutely starving. What is true of Starr County applies to portions of other counties. The better to give some idea of the distressing state of affairs, some of the losses sustained by ranchmen are: C. Garza, late August owned 2,500 sheep, 160 cattle and 80 horses; he has 2 horses, 10 sheep and 1 cow left. E. Gonzales, 1,200 sheep; has 25 left; all other stock dead. C. Gomez, 2,500 sheep, 800 cattle, 100 horses, 90 sheep left; cattle and horses all dead. C. and P. ranch, 4,000 sheep; 300 left. E. P. ranch, 1,500 sheep; all dead. Peterson Brothers, 2,000 cattle and horses; about 150 left. This list might be extended indefinitely, but this will suffice to show the condition of the country.

So grave has the situation become that all hopes have been abandoned. The gnawing pangs of hunger are being felt by all alive, and scores are falling victims to starvation. The drain upon the more fortunate has been steady that they can no longer help one another, and they have appealed to the charity of the world for contributions of money, clothing, or provisions to relieve starvation. The live-stock industry is concerned, the agony is over, as the animals' bones now strew the once green pastures. It has been necessary to feed the living, and remove them to other localities where they could find the battle of life again. Many meetings have been held at some of the near-by towns, and preparations are now going on to relieve the sufferers.

Once Prosperous Section, on Which Nature Bestowed Her Choicest Gifts.

Now a Vast Desert, Stripped of the Bones of Cattle—Utterly Starving.

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PEACE IN HONDURAS.

President Vasquez Seeks an Asylum in Salvador.

The prospect of peace in Central America has not been bright for nearly three years as they are now. This is because Vasquez, the President of Honduras, has sought safety in flight, and the leader of the rebels, Policarpio Bonilla, who has been elected in his stead, is about three years since Bogran's term of office expired as President of Honduras. Not being eligible to re-election, he managed to secure the election of Ponciano Leiva, a sub-servient tool. The candidate for the anti-revolutionary cause, Bonilla, who claimed that Leiva's election was unconstitutional and unfair, and as once began to sow the seeds of revolution. Bogran died, but Leiva was inaugurated. Gen. Dominguez Vasquez became the leader of the revolution, and the head of his cabinet. Leiva finally became frightened at the proportions the insurrection had assumed, and turned the Presidency over to Vasquez. Vasquez was not popular, but he conducted his policy with skill against Bonilla, so that the latter was finally driven out of the country into Nicaragua.

Peace followed for a time, although Bonilla was quietly nursing his wrath against the acting President. The conspirators against Vasquez were executed every now and then by order of the President and an outbreak was almost constantly expected. In the meantime Bonilla was collecting other exiles and his army was being re-organized. Vasquez protested to the Nicaraguan Government against its harboring of such an expedition. The controversy ended finally in war. Last December the Nicaraguan army invaded Honduras, and the leadership of Bonilla, invaded Honduras. Vasquez resisted as well as he was able, but was finally penned up with the remnants of his forces in the city of Tegucigalpa, which he held until Tegucigalpa was surrendered to the rebel. It was predicted that Vasquez would be shot. It appears, however, that he has sought an asylum in Salvador. President Zetza of that country has recognized him as the ruler of Honduras, and at the same time to follow Bonilla and undoubtedly be chosen President, and will grant amnesty to all who participated in the conflict.

In the long struggle the allied armies lost only two generals, seven colonels and 200 privates. When peace is firmly established the Nicaraguan army with its leader, Gen. Ortez, will return to their own country. Vasquez is at La Union when last heard from, but will probably be taken into the rebel for greater safety.

TORN IN TWO AND SUNK.

Report of the Loss of the Rebel Transport Venus Continued.

Rio Janeiro advices say that the reports of the loss of the rebel transport Venus have been confirmed, but the details of the disaster are not yet clear. Friday morning the armed rebel transports Jupiter, Marte and Venus, which are lying off Porto Madero, took up positions and opened bombardment against the government batteries. The Venus was the first to respond quickly and a lively fire was exchanged. Suddenly there was a terrific roar heard above the booming of the guns and it was at once conjectured that an explosion had occurred. At first it was thought that the disaster had befallen the transport Jupiter, but it was immediately after the sound of the explosion was heard the men in the batteries and elsewhere along the shore saw a huge column of red-dish brown smoke ascending and spreading out to wide dimensions as it rose. It was seen as the smoke cleared away a little that the explosion had occurred on the Venus. The vessel had been torn in half, and almost immediately afterward the stern half of the ship was seen to be hoisted into the air by the explosion. The Venus was commanded by Capt. Vasconcellos. He, with three officers and twenty-nine men, made up the complement of the vessel. Every soul on board was lost. Some of the crew could be seen for a time on the forward part of the vessel as it drifted helplessly burning, and efforts were made to rescue them, but the boats that were dispatched on this work were slow in reaching the scene of the disaster, and by the time they arrived the men on the wreck were forced by the fire into the water. Many of the crew were as to the cause of the disaster. The most probable of these is that a shot from the shore batteries struck the Venus amidships and plowed its way through the hull and boilers.

SILOUS ARE IN THE SWIM.

Fish with Money and Wear Fine Clothes, but Still Eat Stewed Dog.

The Indians composing the Sioux nation are just now the happiest and most contented mortals in the country. This state of affairs is brought about by the distribution among them of tens of thousands of dollars by the government, being the first payment made for ceding about a million acres of land to the government a few years ago. As a result of the payment the Sioux are now receiving during the next few months large quantities of agricultural implements, thousands of horses, cattle, oxen, etc. The Indians who are entitled to their portion of the money and goods are distributed, says a Cheyenne (S. D.) dispatch, are those at Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Santee, Flandreau, Lower Brule, Crow Creek, Forest City, Standing Rock and Ponca agencies. As a result of these cash payments the Sioux are now able to reside in comfortable log or frame houses, especially in the winter time, when the airy tepees are hardly sufficient to protect them against the rigors of the northern weather, and in order to make the property they have acquired comfortable and homelike as possible, and for this reason they are, when flush, good patrons of furniture stores. Here they purchase cupboards, bedsteads, chairs and occasionally a baby carriage. Many of the Sioux are now investing their surplus wealth in burghs and double-seated carriages, the harnesses on the horses being the best in the market, and the Indians preferring those with brass trimmings. 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CARE FOR THE SEAL.

BRITAIN MAY OFFER TO TRADE SOME ISLANDS.

Fearful Experience of the Briscoe's Crew—Cattle Barons Outbid by the Man with the Hoe—Desperado Hatfield Offers His Services.

Wants to Buy Point Roberts. A motion recommending the purchase of the promontory of Point Roberts, consisting of four square miles, in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, from the United States, for its acquisition in exchange for territory adjoining Alaska, passed the British Columbia Legislature unanimously. Miss Anne of Plover's speech in favor of the proposition, pointing out that unrestricted catch of salmon at Point Roberts is a menace to that industry on Fraser River. Seattle, while not opposing the purchase, thought it better that the United States would be sure to make an equitable demand if the exchange became a subject of negotiation. He thought they would want Vancouver Island or at least Queen Charlotte Island.

GRAZED BY RELIGION.

Indiana Revivists Neither French Nor English. South Eastern County, Indiana, is in the throes of the most remarkable revival ever held in the State. The meetings began about February 1, but until this week no great attention was attracted outside of the immediate neighborhood of the town of John. Charles, a French Canadian, and Miss Anna, a French Canadian, are in charge of the meetings. The former came from Harrodsburg, Indiana, and the lady from Illinois. They are very ignorant, and are operating in an ignorant locality. They adhere to no denomination, but claim to be the only true religion. They neither preach nor sing, but pray long and loud. They cure the sick, heal the halt and lame and assist the blind. They operate by the laying on of hands, and claim they are the only true agents of the Lord. Whether they are impostors or sincere, they have awakened a tremendous sensation in this vicinity. Their subjects, or victims as some term them, go in to trances, in which they remain for hours with eyes set, and arms extended over their heads, all the time muttering a sort of gibberish.

ADRIET AND STARVING.

Forty Days Spent on the Ocean in a Helpless Vessel.

St. Johns, N. E., dispatch. The steamer Briscoe, now nearly forty days out from Queenstown to New York, lies about sixty miles off Cape Race in an utterly helpless condition with her crew of twenty-three men and four stowaways starving for lack of food and perishing from want of fuel. Such is the report made by the boat crew, who arrived at Cape Race at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon in search of assistance after a twenty-four hours' sail in the open boat. The exposure nearly caused the death of those aboard, owing to severe frost experienced Monday night. The boat was manned by the chief officer and four seamen. They tell a gruesome tale of the condition of the unfortunate steamer. The vessel's decks are nearly awash, and she can neither steam nor sail. Her rudder was carried away, and she is being blown to sea, and for forty days the Briscoe has been the plaything of the elements.

CATTLE BARONS GONE.

Opening of the Cherokee Strip Breaks Up the Last Stronghold.

Twenty-five years ago Texas sent its first herd of cattle over the trail northward. Two decades ago 700,000 head came over from the great ranches of the Lone Star State to seek a shipping station in Kansas. The ranch history of the prairie dates from that time, and a marvelous one it is. With the coming spring trade the Cherokee strip, last fall sent the cattle out of that richly grassed section to stay. The ranch fences have been torn down, and all winter teams have been busy hauling the debris to the railway stations for shipment to the great range of New Mexico or the range of Wyoming. The cattle have been pushed on westward and southward and they will not go back. The cattle baron who ruled with a despotic power over the prairie has been defeated by "the man with a hoe," and agriculture is usurping the dominion of the cowboy.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

More Business and Larger Production by Industries, According to Dun.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says. Evidence of present improvement in business multiply, but confidence in future improvement does not seem to increase. There is more business and a larger production by industries for the season has arrived when greater activity is necessary and dealers' stocks are to be replenished, and those who cannot make calculations beyond a few months are the more anxious to get on their feet. The outlook is reaching beyond a short time are not made with greater freedom and spite of a larger present demand, prices of manufactured goods tend downward.

Lost Control of the Spouter.

The mammoth artesian well in Chamberlain, S. D., is on a bender and is practically uncontrollable. Several large leaks have saturated the ground for a great distance around the well and the earth is constantly caving in. The cavity is already large enough to cover a large building and is steadily increasing. Sunday evening the cave-in reached to within eight feet of the mill and there is great danger that the huge mill will be undermined and toppled over.

Will Not Found a Frisco School.

Phillip D. Armour denies that he intends to give \$500,000 to found a school for manual training in the Frisco. He is similar to the Armour Institute in Chicago.

Powder Explosion in Colorado.

Five thousand pounds of giant powder, belonging to the Vulcan Powder Company of San Francisco, which had been stored in Del Norte, Col., and which the authorities ordered removed, was exploded in the mountains Saturday and exploded.

Millionaire H. B. Ives Is Insane.

Roadley B. Ives, the richest man in New Haven, Conn., and reported to be worth times a millionaire, became stark mad Friday. It is impossible to attribute a satisfactory reason for his sudden dementia.

Clear Water at St. Ignace.

A strong gale Sunday morning carried away the ice in the Straits of Mackinac, and at night there was nothing in sight from St. Ignace, Mich., across open water. Several fish boats and nets were destroyed, but no serious damage is reported.

Cable from Australia.

The delegates who have been attending the conference at Wellington, New Zealand, called to discuss the intercolonial postal and telegraph service, have passed a resolution in favor of a Pacific cable to America, the route to be via Samoa, Fanning Island and Honolulu to Vancouver.

Urge a National Strike.

The railroad and river coal miners of Pittsburgh district were in session Monday with forty delegates, representing 12,000 miners. It is proposed to demand a form rate of 3 cents per bushel for mining. President Frye has been advocating a national strike.

POLLARD SUIT BOUN.

Breach of Promise Case Against Congressman Breaks Up in Court. In the dingy District Court House where Gutierrez was tried, the case against Congressman W. C. Breckinridge, the Kentucky Congressman, charged with breach of promise by Miss Madeline V. Pollard, was begun Thursday morning, says a Washington dispatch. For several months both sides have been busy in securing evidence. The suit was commenced last August, a few days after the second marriage of Col. Breckinridge. Miss Pollard has held a clerical position in the Census Bureau, and has done considerable writing for the newspapers. During the past few months she has lived in a house of refuge of the Episcopal Church, and her brother, who is editor of a weekly paper in Kentucky, has been her adviser.

THREE MEN KILLED.

Locomotive on the Lehigh Valley Road Blows Up at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The boiler of a locomotive on the Lehigh Valley Railroad exploded at Torr, Pa., Thursday morning, killing three men, Patrick Dugan, the engineer in charge, stopped his engine at Tanners and went to the telegraph office for orders. During his absence the locomotive was blown to pieces. The three men who were on the engine were killed. The cause of the explosion was low water in the boiler.

ENDS IN ACQUITTAL.

Daniel Coughlin Declared Not Guilty of Dr. Cronin's Murder. Daniel Coughlin was acquitted, Thursday afternoon, at Chicago, of the murder of Dr. Cronin, on May 4, 1898, of Dr. P. H. Cronin. This last trial lasted four months and was one of the most stubbornly contested on record in any criminal court. Coughlin had once before been convicted of a life sentence, but was granted a new trial, as the time of the trial was a detective on the Chicago force. The last trial was most sensational, and from first to last there were rumors of jury bribing and kindred acts that served to keep interest alive.

TARIFF BILL REPORTED.

Sugar Taxed, Whiskey Revenue Increased. The rate of sugar in the new tariff schedule seems to have been settled. The duty is fixed at 1 1/4 cents per pound. The tax on whiskey has been increased to \$1.20 and the bonded period extended. The last tariff bill passed by the House and Senate was one of the most stubbornly contested on record in any criminal court. Coughlin had once before been convicted of a life sentence, but was granted a new trial, as the time of the trial was a detective on the Chicago force. The last trial was most sensational, and from first to last there were rumors of jury bribing and kindred acts that served to keep interest alive.

Land Slides Down Mount Echo.

A great mass of earth, nearly two feet in depth, about 300 feet in length, more than 100 feet in width, and weighing fully 50,000 tons, is slowly but steadily slipping down the steep south side of Mount Echo, at Cincinnati, Ohio. The top of the mass has traveled about 150 feet, and its lower part damaged a hand-some stone residence, forcing its occupants to seek safety in departure. St. Martin's Catholic Church and other houses further down are in danger and unless the land slide stops of its own accord no human means can stop it.

Gotham Papers Seized in Paris.

Upon information given by Prince Colonna, John W. Mackay's son-in-law, Paris officers seized all copies of the New York World and all which were for sale. Prince Colonna declared that an article published in the World of that date was libelous. The paragraph to which he objected most strenuously said that he had been ordered to go to the jockey club in Rome for cheating with cards. His lawyers have served a writ upon Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, claiming 100,000 francs damages.

Treasury of Egyptian Kings Found.

The treasury of the kings Osymertes, or the twelfth dynasty, has been discovered at Dabouh by Mr. Morgan, the director of the excavations going on at the site of the pyramids. It was found hidden in a tomb near a relative of the royal family. Jewels and gold incrustured precious stones were in great variety, including a crown, probably the oldest specimen of Egyptian jewelry. The discovery doubles the importance of Ghizeh.

Furnald Held for Trial.

Walter Guy Furnald, the Eastern crook who is accused of stealing \$10,000 worth of diamonds from a pawnbroker in San Francisco, has been held for trial in \$5,000 bonds. Mrs. Garner and her son, who were arrested with Furnald in Los Angeles, were discharged, as they were innocent victims of Furnald's schemes.

Farmer Burns a Steer to Death.

Anthony Beck, a wealthy farmer near Lebanon, Ind., was charged with a steer for tearing down a fence and driving it into a pen he poured coal oil all over it and set it on fire, burning the animal to death. The Grand Jury is investigating the affair.

Harder Over Cards.

During a snarl over a game of cards at Maryland, Cal. William Miles, a gambler, was stabbed to death by Hugh Buchanan. The latter claims to be a son of ex-Congressman Buchanan of Georgia.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.			
WHEAT—Common to Prime.....	\$3.50	5 1/2	5 1/2
HOOG—Shipping Grade.....	4.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 1.....	3.80	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2.....	3.60	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 3.....	3.40	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 4.....	3.20	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 5.....	3.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 6.....	2.80	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 7.....	2.60	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 8.....	2.40	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 9.....	2.20	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 10.....	2.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 11.....	1.80	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 12.....	1.60	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 13.....	1.40	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 14.....	1.20	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 15.....	1.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 16.....	.80	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 17.....	.60	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 18.....	.40	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 19.....	.20	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 20.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 21.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 22.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 23.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 24.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 25.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 26.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 27.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 28.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 29.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 30.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 31.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 32.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 33.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 34.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 35.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 36.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 37.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 38.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 39.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 40.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 41.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 42.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 43.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 44.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 45.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 46.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 47.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 48.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 49.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 50.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 51.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 52.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 53.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 54.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 55.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 56.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 57.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 58.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 59.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 60.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 61.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 62.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 63.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 64.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 65.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 66.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 67.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 68.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 69.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 70.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 71.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 72.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 73.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 74.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 75.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 76.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 77.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 78.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 79.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 80.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 81.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 82.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 83.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 84.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 85.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 86.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 87.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 88.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 89.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 90.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 91.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 92.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 93.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 94.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 95.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 96.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 97.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 98.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 99.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2
WHEAT—No. 100.....	.00	5 1/2	5 1/2

THE FAR BLUE HILLS.

I lit my eyes, and you are ever there, Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air, And crowned with the gold of morn or evening star. O far blue hills.

Around you break the light of heaven all, There rolls away the Titans splendid ball, And there the circling suns of midnight fall. O far blue hills.

Wild bursts the hurricane across the land, Loud roars the cloud and smites with blinding brand; They pass, and silence comes, and there you stand. O far blue hills.

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round, And lays on all things here its peace profound, Till I forget that I am of the ground, O far blue hills.

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling, And soar away as on an eagle's wing, To be with you a calm steady thing, O far blue hills.

While small the care that seemed so great before, Faint as the breeze that fans your ledge o'er, Yes, 'tis the passing shadow, and no more, O far blue hills.

—[The Critic.]

MISS RUMY'S VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

A square of sunshine lay unheeded on Miss Ruhamah Battle's new sitting room carpet, and two flies buzzed unmolested about her green paper curtains.

Miss Ruhamah sat darning stockings under her old-fashioned rocking-chair, and looked uneasily at the darning.

An odor of burning from the kitchen grew very pungent before it reached her usually vigilant nostrils. When at last she dropped the stocking she was darning and hurried to the stove, her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Priscilla Peet, met her at the kitchen door.

"Good land, Rumy! I say to M'ria, 'It can't be,' says I. 'I've lived near neighbor to Rumy Battles for more than thirty years, and I never smelled anything burnin' in her kitchen.' You must have something more'n common on your mind."

"If I hadn't I shouldn't never have baked that pie," said Miss Rumy as in a kind of patient dismay, she drew a blackened mass from her stove oven. "I don't set much by pastry. It comes so odd to do one that I don't know what to do."

Miss Rumy was a large woman and slow of motion. Mrs. Peet, who was angled and wiry, looked her as she moved heavily about, taking tripping care of all that remained of her pie.

"It must be a real relief to have nobody but yourself to do for," she said. "I tell you what it is, Rumy, you're all wore out. If I was you I'd go off somewhere and take a good long vacation. It's time you had a chance to be like other folks."

The two women had moved into the sitting room by this time; and Mrs. Peet, in neighborly fashion, took up the stocking Miss Rumy had dropped, and went energetically to work upon it.

Miss Rumy looked about for it vaguely, and then folded her hands in her large lap with a helpless gesture, and the heavy folds of her chin quivered.

"Why, Rumy, you be all wore out!" said Mrs. Peet, sympathetically. "You ain't had anything new to upset you."

"Nothin' but what you was talkin' about. I've got to have a vacation. The doctor has been sayin' so ever since I had the influenza in the spring and Nahum's folks they're set upon it; but I'm sure I don't see how I can manage it. It's a dreadful upsettin' idea."

"Land sakes, Rumy Battles, you can go just as well as not! I should like to know what's to hinder you, with no men-folks, nor hayin' nor anything on your mind, nor Nahum's got the farm; and you've earned a vacation if ever anybody did."

"Josiah's folks up to Hebron have always been wantin' me to come," said Miss Rumy; "but seems as if 'twas a good way; and my second crop of peas is comin' on, and the fastenin' is broke on the buttery window, and my hens—"

"Now, Rumy, if you begin to reckon up hindrances like that, you'll never go. I know just how 'tis with some folks; and some can go off and leave everything at sixes and sevens, and never think anything about it. There was Emmerette Small, that kept school here when we was young. Do you remember how she went off to England in a sailing vessel that some of her relations was captain of, and never waited to close her school?"

"Emmerette never did seem to have a realizin' sense," said Miss Rumy. "Why, I never thought, Rumy, that she was the one!"

"I don't know as it makes any difference that she was the one that Luther Merriwell married," said Miss Rumy, with a faint glow upon her soft and seamy old cheeks.

"Rumy Battles, Lizzy Ann and I was talkin' yesterday, and we both of us said we never see anybody that had done so much and give up so much for other folks as you have!"

Mrs. Peet spoke impulsively, and held her needle suspended above her stocking in an impressive pause.

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Rumy, smoothing out imaginary folds in her purple calico lap.

"Tien't that I think it's such great things to get married, goodness knows! But when a girl has a good chance, and has been keepin' comp'ny for a long time, it does seem hard to give it up for the sake of takin' care of the old folks. And then your sister M'randy gettin' bed-ridden. I ain't sayin' she could help it; but we all know that some gets bed-ridden easier'n others; and your havin' their clearin' right out and lookin' out for nobody but themselves when times was the hardest with you."

"They're all real well provided for, and that's a comfort," said Miss Rumy. "Some folks always is," said Mrs. Peet, crisply. "M'randy, she was one

of that kind. Now, Rumy, amongst neighbors, I be goin' to say—that, up or abed, M'randy was a real trial."

"I'm doubtful lost without her," said Miss Rumy, wiping a moisture from the wrinkled corner of her eye. "And then Nahum bringin' his folks right on to you when he got all run out and had a sleek wife and, then gettin' the farm away from you, Lizzy Ann says when we was talkin' yesterday, says she, 'we've all fit and struggled, but there ain't none of us that's been such a slave to other folks as Rumy Battles; and it does seem real good that she's gotten a breathin' place at last, she's nobody to do for but herself, and enough to live on with what little preservin' and but-hole makin' she likes to do.'"

And says Lizzy Ann, she says, 'I shouldn't wonder a mite if she was better off now than she would a' been if she'd got married; for Luther Merriwell was one of them that flares out.' (I know it don't hurt your feelin's to have me say it, Rumy, now that we're all of us along in years, and have got a realizin' sense of what men-folks are.)

Of course Luther wa'n't to blame for havin' a sunstroke, so's he had to give up studyin' to be a minister, nor for havin' school keepin' disagree with him, nor for gettin' burnt out when he tried to keep store; but that kind of men that can't seem to bring anything to pass am dretful wearin' to their women-folks. If he had a real smart wife like you, Rum